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Morals for the Masses

W. L. Smith

► IN THE LAST CENTURY Leopold von Ranke could claim that the actual form of the community was grounded in the mutual relations of Church and State. Today, for better or for worse, it would seem that this relationship is to be one of separation. In the U.S.S.R. the separation has become formally a divorce. "In order to ensure to citizens freedom of conscience, the Church in the U.S.S.R. is separated from the State, and the School from the Church." In the U.S.A. it is widely believed that the First Amendment to the Constitution demands the same thing. Here, at least, the American and the Soviet ways of life brush each other lightly in passing.

Some of the reasons for the separation are well-enough known. The dismal record of the ways in which the religious conscience was either bribed by privilege or coerced by persecution seemed to furnish enough evidence of the unhealthy results of a close alliance of Church and State. The multitude of competing religious bodies in the modern world encouraged statesmen to see in a careful neutrality the only safe and sane way for a sane government. Even if there was less religion and more politics in the Wars of Religion than the name might indicate, there was enough to make men suspicious of theological controversies that so often led to the battlefield. The early Christians taught that forced belief was no belief at all. When their spiritual descendants seemed to be in danger of forgetting that valuable lesson, it was necessary to take the instruments of coercion out of their hands.

This meant not only freedom for the State from the obligation of compelling its subjects to conform to one official creed or cult. It meant also freedom for the Church to teach and practise its faith without fear or favor. Under such an arrangement, Church and State were both free to operate in their respective spheres, with what was hoped would be mutual respect and understanding. The sphere of the State was the ordering of outward life through law. The sphere of the Church was in the inner world of faith and morals. The State could restrain, by force if necessary, the actions which were harmful to society. The Church could labor to change the convictions of men by persuasion and example.

Nothing could seem fairer . . . And yet, in the middle of the Twentieth Century, we have the spectacle of a conflict

between Church and State as bitter and protracted as any in history.

To many people this may appear to be only the final phase of the old struggle to eliminate the last vestiges of clerical privilege and ecclesiastical control in the political world. Others may see in it the persistence of the spirit of the Grand Inquisitor, now directed against all religion, rather than by one religion against another.

Neither explanation is wholly satisfactory, for both leave the real issues untouched.

Usually the problem has been considered only in relation to the claims of the Church. How far is each believer free to practice the religion he professes without infringing on the rights of his fellow-citizens? What are the proper means for spreading a knowledge of the gospel, or for winning converts to the faith? What demands may a religious society make upon its members, not only within the closed circle of believers, but in the matter of their relations to those outside the circle? Has the Church lost the right to its place

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in many activities which, for centuries, were by common consent left under its control? Should it be content now to retire, so to speak, into private life, leaving the direction of public affairs in other and abler hands? If this is true, where is the line between "private" and "public" to be drawn, and by whom? Obviously, it is much easier formally to separate the Church from the State, than practically to separate the State from the Church.

In short, most critics seem aware of the danger of a Church gradually becoming a State. Only a few seem conscious of the opposite danger—that of a State gradually becoming a Church. If there are indeed two spheres that can be distinguished, it is clear that there can be trespass from one side as well as from the other. If there is no true liberty possible where the State has been absorbed by the Church, neither can there be true liberty where the Church has been swallowed up in the expanding State. There is no fundamental difference between an "established" Church which is only bound to bless the policies of the State upon demand, and the "free" Church which is only free—to do precisely the same!

A recent writer has claimed the Church is open to attack only when it encroaches upon what he terms "non-devotional areas," which are taken to include foreign policy, education, marriage, and medicine. But it is not an easy matter to recognize an "encroachment." Does it apply only to concerted action by a Christian society under its recognized leaders, or may it be extended to include the action of Christians acting in obedience to avowed Christian principles? Is an attempt by the Bishops to bring together the opposed groups in a protracted economic dispute to be considered an unwarranted intrusion into politics? Is a public protest against some diplomatic arrangement that appears to be either dangerous or treacherous to be condemned as clerical insolence? Must any effort to secure a recognized place for religious instruction in a steadily expanding system of public education be disregarded as sectarian presumption? Even the reserved "devotional" area may need some supervision. Ill-timed public intercessions for peace, particularly if they involve the notion of national repentance, may be highly offensive to a Government which is interested in maintaining a martial spirit and insists upon the doctrine that the nation can do no wrong. The leaders of the Confessional Church in Germany found this to their cost during the Munich crisis of 1938.

The awkward fact remains, that no State can afford to be neutral in morals, because no State can continue to exist without morality. If it does not already possess a moral code, it must proceed to invent one. "Fascism," said Mussolini gravely, "has a morality, but it has no theology." This sounds suspiciously like the old saying of the anti-clerical: "I leave Heaven to the angels and the sparrows." It was, of course, more polite. But it assumed that Fascist morality would never conflict with theology—or, perhaps more probably, it assumed that theology would be well-advised never to conflict with Fascist morality.

The Church, however, is committed to the embarrassing proposition that there is an inevitable connection between faith and morals. Critics of the Church have been quick to detect and condemn any failure on the part of churchmen to maintain that connection . . . as, for example, in the matter of "apartheid." But if the State is to have the last word in morals, and the Church is to be content with a faith which exhausts itself in pietistic exercises, then both the Christian and his critics are silenced together—their case is simply ruled out of court.

Even if the Church were to accept this new interpretation of Separation—now become the separation of faith and

morals—the State would soon correct the balance from its own side. For if the ancient Church recognized that faith must find an expression in morals, the modern State seems to have recognized that morals must find a foundation in faith. It is no longer enough for the State to be the instrument of law, for to many law is itself merely an instrument of the State. The State must become what its prophets foretold, an earthly God, the Divine Idea made visible among us.

Face to face with these developments, one may ask whether indeed the Church was separated from the State only that the State might become a Church, commanding not only the goods and the lives of men, but their consciences as well; or whether the school was separated from the Church in order that a new catechism might be substituted for the old. A conservative cleric might be prepared to give a hearing to the old-fashioned adversary who maintained that the proper function of a school was simply to provide useful information for the pupil. But what are we to say of the school which aims to discipline the character, direct the enthusiasms, stabilize the emotions, integrate the personality, and foster the ideals of its young charges? No doubt these are among the loftiest of aims; but it is questionable whether such heights of heaven can be stormed by means of a ladder still firmly fixed in a non-devotional area.

In 1915 Bertrand Russell called attention to the fact that men could only establish their common life upon one or other of two foundations—a common ancestral tradition, tribal or national, on the one hand, or a common body of convictions, a creed, on the other. Twenty years later the Lynds observed that in "Middletown" as the doctrinal structure of a church dissolved, that church slid smoothly into place in the class-system—no longer taking its pattern from a creed; it survived by becoming a "patternizing of a culture." More recently, Lionel Trilling has remarked upon the modern preference for "the bland and apologetic intellectual personality" and the fondness for believing "that a man is wrong in the degree that he is positive." Unfortunately, it is religion that has suffered chiefly from this dread of convictions, with the result that religious communities are the first to be invited to surrender their creeds and take their ideals from the community. But since the human conscience abhors a vacuum, the voice of moral authority, silenced in the churches, is heard from the State, proclaiming a New Order, a mystique of nationality, or a gospel of salvation for mankind.

When this happens, the formula of separation sounds perilously like a catch-phrase. The ordinary Christian may

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feel like the ordinary citizen in Low's cartoon, who finds himself at the edge of an abyss as a result of his amiable willingness to follow his leader. Like Low's Little Man he may be profoundly dissatisfied with the explanation of his guide: "Be reasonable. If I had told you I was bringing you here, you wouldn't have come."

Milk Prices

The cost of living is still soaring—and most families are finding it increasingly difficult to meet their food bills. The high prices of most foods can be lowered only by checking the inflationary spiral. However, the most essential food of all—milk—is in a special class. Its price is unnecessarily high because of the inefficient method of distribution. To watch a dozen or more milk wagons travelling up and down the same city block every day is enough to make the ordinary person realize how wasteful the present system is, and this impression has been confirmed by various official committees that have investigated the problem over the last forty years. In 1947 the Royal Ontario Commission on Milk found that the cost of delivering milk from the dairy to the consumer was about 25 per cent of the total price charged.

The latest rise in milk prices has led to various suggestions about cutting the number of deliveries—to five days a week, or even to every other day. This would make some slight saving, but the over-all saving would be infinitesimal because the competing dairies would still be keeping up their plants, machinery, offices, and sales and administrative staffs. Far more significant savings could be made by municipal distribution. Between 1936 and 1940 Dr. W. P. Mortensen of the University of Wisconsin made an exhaustive study of the whole problem. He concluded that an efficiently operated system of milk distribution would save between $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $2\frac{3}{4}$ cents a quart. As costs have doubled since then, the savings today would probably be between 3 and 4 cents a quart.

Despite the strong arguments in its favor, municipal distribution of milk has few advocates. The dairies naturally marshal all their weapons against it, and they are supported by most representatives of labor. Because the milk drivers' union is afraid that municipal distribution would put some of their men out of jobs, it has become difficult for any union leader to advocate a step which would benefit all working people. We suggest that this is a short-sighted attitude on the part of labor. If the price of milk continues to rise, falling sales will put milk drivers out of work anyway. On the other hand, the lower price that would be made possible by municipal distribution would increase sales.

The other solution suggested is a government subsidy on milk. We are in favor of this, but we believe that no government subsidy should be paid as long as the present inefficient distribution system continues. Otherwise, the taxpayer would simply be subsidizing the dairies, rather than helping the consumer.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

VOL. 7, No. 76, JANUARY, 1927, *The Canadian Forum*

The result of the Ontario elections in one respect surprised us as much as any of our contemporaries. Not that a Conservative majority under the circumstances was extraordinary, for we were agreeably aware that public opinion had been growing in favor of Government Control as against Prohibition; but we did not expect the majority to be as sweeping and decisive as it proved. While still regretting the state of opinion which permitted the liquor question to ex-

clude every other social and economic issue, we recognize with pleasure that the unexpected landslide at least settled that particular question for years to come. The immediate consequence of the electorate's decision has been a fillip to business in Toronto and other centres of the province. Preparations are already under way for accommodating an unprecedented number of American tourists during the coming season, and we have no doubt that trade will be further stimulated in many directions by a large increase in the number of conventions held in Ontario and by the construction of many more summer homes in its lake and river resorts for our neighbors to the south. To those who are of the dry persuasion, the benefits of these developments may seem questionable; but we see no reason why they should have any but good results. Thousands of anti-prohibitionist Americans will now flock into the province in their holidays, not that they are dipsomaniacs, but because they naturally prefer beer to ice-cream sodas and honest Scotch to red-eye, and also because in a larger way freedom to drink what one likes has become on this continent the touchstone of freedom itself. Both among our visitors and our own people there will always be a few who will abuse their liberty; but the Province of Quebec has succeeded in preventing any wide abuse of the privileges of Government Control, and Ontario should be able to do likewise.

What's Left

In most of the parliamentary democracies, people of the democratic Left must be feeling curiously frustrated. In election after election, country by country, the progressive parties have been rejected by the voters. Yet this rejection represents an ironic sort of victory for its victims. For the past fifteen or twenty years, the socialist and left-liberal parties have set as their immediate objectives such things as state guarantees of full employment, a social-security floor under the standard of living, public housing plans, health insurance, legal protection for the rights of trade unions—in fact, the combination of public activities that we now call the Welfare State. What has happened now is that the political parties of the Right have grasped the opportunity provided, and have adopted the Welfare State, not indeed as a working reality, but at least as a means of preventing any real change in the structure of society. The public now takes these things for granted as the proper aims of government. And, that being so, elections have become auctions in which the parties of wealth can always shout their social-security bid for office more loudly than their opponents. They who now will bless the poor shall themselves find blessing.

But, speaking as a sympathetic observer, we reject the notion that progressives must now simply stand aside and watch their favorite schemes being used as election bait or put into practice, if at all, by those who neither understand nor believe in them. The progressive tradition, which is the central democratic tradition, is not so narrow that it must be limited to a specific set of economic measures. The time has come for a change of emphasis; not, of course, an abandonment of social security, but a bringing of other issues to the front. There are issues of equal urgency, issues on which the opponents of the Left can be forced to stand and fight as they once fought social security. The very fact that our system of representative democracy serves to keep parties in power by false promises and hollow benefits raises a host of fundamental problems. In Canada, for example, we are faced with ten (or more) educational systems, all more or less shabby and ineffective; with a press that is losing its freedom to great combinations of economic power; with an

inadequate electoral system and a non-elective upper House; with bureaucracy in private, and quasi-military secrecy in public corporations. Our local governments, instead of bringing the practice of self-government into the daily experience of all citizens, are the least democratic division of public authority. Civil liberties are not properly protected. Suspicion and discrimination between cultural groups are still deeply entrenched. Co-operative group action is not yet a normal habit.

But we are not here concerned with thrusting any specific projects of our own on the CCF or any other party in any country. Our suggestion is that the people who inherit the liberal-socialist tradition have no right or reason to feel left behind by events. It is still in their power to assume the leadership of the people that is rightfully theirs. The leadership of the people is rightfully theirs just because they alone are more interested in the people than they are in leadership. The belief that all men and women, given the opportunity, can work together as equal partners, and that only so can they achieve liberty and plenty—that is the central democratic tradition. And it does not belong to reactionary parties, even when they call themselves Liberal or Democrat or Progressive Conservative. The central democratic tradition, the tradition of liberalism, democracy, and socialism, belongs to the democratic Left. It remains the most startling, bold, and revolutionary idea in the world today. It is thoroughly subversive of the established order of society; hence the inherent—though sometimes unconscious—contempt for democracy regularly betrayed by the politicians whose interests lie with the established order. Liberty, equality, and fraternity remain a challenge, and a very exacting challenge, to the countries that call themselves democracies.

We have little fear, then, for the future of the progressive parties. If they do themselves justice, if they have a full imaginative grasp of what and why they are, they will recover their dynamic. Existing society offers a broad front for attack. A few pension schemes and an accidental period of high employment do not make it impregnable.

SIMON PAYNTER.

Letter From London

Stella Harrison

► FOR SIX WEEKS ENGLAND has been re-living the drama of Australia and New Zealand where conservatism came to power when Labour's momentum had slowed down on the soft terrain of the welfare state. The drama is not very evident. It is one of those long, dull plays with a tedious first act and only the recollection of the program notes to remind the spectators of the theme. An invited audience—we were invited to subscribe to the proposition that it was time for a change—we can hardly start barracking before the first interval if the action is not melodramatic. After all, it would be no more absurd to suppose that the miners who voted for continuance of Labour rule have changed in stark despite into a bunch of slackers, than to imagine that the business men who voted for conservatism and realistic economics are now rushing to pay taxes on revenues hitherto skilfully concealed, just to help Mr. Butler to make a good showing.

We accepted the invitation in sufficiently large numbers to bear out the aphorism that, by and large, people get the governments they deserve. "The people" is a collectivity embracing all elements, including any who may have let the successful party in through whimsical support of a candidate who had no faintest chance of election, and all

who did not work hard enough for the success of the defeated party. We are jointly responsible for the government we got, and if we do not like it now we have it, we are jointly responsible for getting rid of it.

I do not hold with running down one's country abroad—the example of some illustrious persons notwithstanding—and I am uncomfortably aware that in foreign eyes the people are apt to be confounded with their government. So I hope I shall not be interpreted as saying that England is going to the dogs, when I write in an overseas paper that the government's stock here sagged heavily even before it was properly formed and has gone down in a series of slumps ever since. Not that all the members of the government have broken all their pledges—yet. They promised sound finance and have given the financiers—the men who live by their creative enterprise in lending money to the government—a nice sound rise in the bank rate. They have maintained the food subsidies, even if a big slice of the same global total will no longer subsidize food to the consumer but the farmer-producer instead. They have not scaled down the housing program but only housing standards and the percentage of new houses to be built for renting.

It would have been wholly unreasonable to expect them to set the people free at one stroke from the fetters of food rationing but at least they have not burdened us with fresh chains in the form of bonus rations for Christmas; and they have seen to it that the housewife pays less for the contents of her shopping basket by the simple expedient of making sure there was less in it. Take the Christmas turkey. Hitherto hotels have been prohibited from serving turkey on more than one day during what was still referred to last year as the festive season. This ensured as large a supply as possible to retail tradesmen, and lots of feckless families drew the cash out of the Christmas club and blew it on poultry. They will get little opportunity to do anything so reckless this year. No order has been issued restricting hotels—so resourceful hoteliers can buy up at fancy prices all the turkeys they can lay hands on, and serve them without let or hindrance to guests who can afford fancy prices to stay in a hotel over Christmas (no ration books required for a stay of four days!).

What were we talking about? Oh yes, election pledges. The Tories undertook to sweep away unnecessary controls and one has already been abolished—control on the price of matches was lifted today. They said they were just as keen as the Socialists on social services (in fact they claimed the credit for thinking of them first) and so far they have announced no direct cuts in government expenditure. They have only ordered local government authorities to reduce *their* education estimates by five per cent. Of course the Ministry of Education's grant is generally equal to a local authority's expenditure; but if the order results in less government spending on a major social service, it's the fault of mathematics, not the Ministry. (Incidentally, if a Tory government in the twenties had not slashed state scholarships to the universities, as part of a similar economy drive, your correspondent would probably have become a professor and not a journalist. To judge by occasional correspondence in these columns, some readers would no doubt think this might not have been a bad thing; but if my articles annoy them, they have really only the Tories to blame.)

Do not, however, let anything I have said mislead you into drawing a false picture of England staggering miserably under the hammer blows of fate. We are not miserable at all, and we remain unrepentantly English. We keep our sense of proportion (the doping of racehorses figures as prominently in the popular press as the news from Egypt); of timing (the

Circus is ready to go into rehearsal as soon as the Exhibition of Caged Birds vacates Olympia); of gratitude (a big demonstration is being prepared to welcome the arrival of the Christmas tree Norway sends us each year in gratitude for our help to her in wartime). If anyone doubts our continuing sense of fair play, let him consider the intervention of a Member of Parliament on behalf of that Cyrano of birds, the pelican. A number of pelicans have been sent from their countries of origin as gifts to the Zoo and the Royal Parks. What more natural than that the Minister of Works should be asked at question time in the House of Commons if he could ensure that any pelicans allotted to St. James's Park, London, would include at least one of each sex?

London, England, December 10, 1951.

Notes on Paris

Michael Shenstone

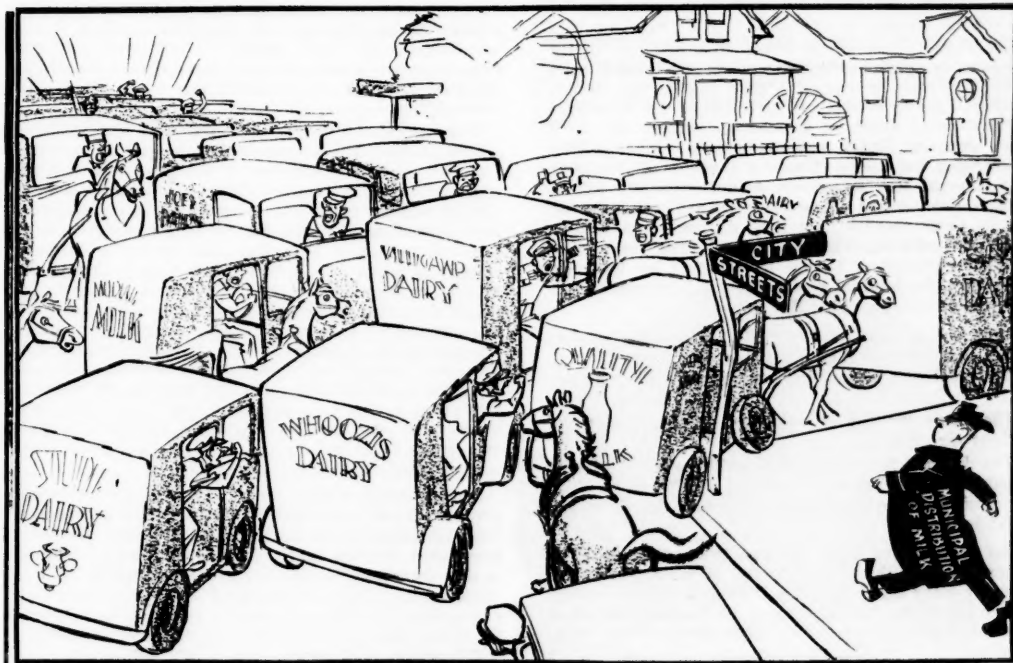
► "PIBUL A DES RELATIONS puissantes; son gendre est l'agent exclusif du Coca-Cola." The French used to be able to laugh at Coca-Cola. This quotation, from a recent article on Siamese politics in *Le Monde*, shows that they can no longer. In the last few months there has been a subtle but important change among the French. Baiting the Americans has always been one of their favorite pastimes; but there is a bitter note in it now that was not there before.

This new kind of anti-Americanism is the most important thing that is happening in France today; it is more important than all the neutralist fringes and Communist agitations and Gaullist menaces that one reads about. More and

more openly the words "aggressive" and "intransigent" appear in the neighborhood during descriptions of American policy, whether it be in the talks at Pan-Mun-Jom or in the disarmament discussions at the UN. True, the cast varies slightly from that of the Communist stock play. For non-Communists, the villains are mostly in "le Pentagone," not "le Wall-Street," which has been recently reported, on a few shreds of evidence, to be more pacifically inclined.

Anti-Americanism comes out in all sort of ways—notably, of course, in the huge spread which was given in many papers to the famous issue of *Collier's* about the "Defeat and Occupation of Russia, 1952-1960." French comment on it had an air of "There, I told you so." One of the things that irked people most about the issue (besides the obvious "war-mongering" aspect) was its calm assumption that the Russians would welcome all the manifestations of American culture that were offered to them—*Time*, *Life*, *Reader's Digest*, "Guys and Dolls," Milton Berle . . . Between the lines you could hear the French saying "and these are the defenders of Western civilization!" And then of course the Americans were going to win the Olympic games of 1960 . . .

American affairs are given much space in the papers, as straight news. But there is often a slight undercurrent of viciousness in the reporting. For instance there has been considerable comment on the American air losses in Korea, which are said to be much larger than officially announced, and to be one of the main reasons why the Americans really seem to be working toward a truce there. The superiority of the MIG's is mentioned at every turn, as is the failure of air-power to throttle Chinese supply-lines. Is there a trace of unholy glee here? Not a few French news articles



SOMEBODY CALL A COP!

are written in the same way. In this case, for instance, underneath a discussion of Asian events, it is really the American plans for the defence of Europe, by American strategists (proved wrong in Korea) and with American technical superiority (found wanting in Korea), that are being indirectly—and unconsciously?—criticized. French propaganda is a marvel of subtlety.

The chief fuel of anti-Americanism at the moment is the inflation due to rearmament, for Frenchmen, like other people, follow the moods of their stomachs. There was a little item in the paper this morning. It just announced, quietly, that there had been a 3.5 per cent rise in the cost of living during November. And indeed, inflation is striking hard here. The table of food prices I gave in an article for the *Forum* in March, 1951, now has little meaning. Grade A Large eggs are now \$1.03 (U.S.) a dozen. Pasteurized milk 15½¢ a quart (many people save 2¢ by buying the unpasteurized, which perhaps has something to do with the high T.B. rate). Butter 93¢ a pound, and meat (cheaper cuts of steak) about the same. Sugar 16¢ lb. Potatoes 2.2¢ lb. Medium grade coffee \$1.19 lb. Even the Metro, world-famous for its slowness, evil odors, but also cheapness, is now 6¢ a ride. In fact it will be observed that the cost of living at present is not far off what it is in Canada. Wages have risen, of course—many workers earn over \$75 a month—but there is the usual time-lag.

Under this impact the franc is lurching a bit. In July the U.S. dollar, on the *marché parallèle* (the grey market, illegal but quoted in the newspapers), hovered at 390 fr. This week it is 445 fr., and touched 460 a week ago. (The official rate, at which the above food prices were converted, is \$1 U.S. = 350 fr.) Even the pound is stronger than the franc, being quoted at 1020 fr. (Officially £1 = 980 fr.) Gold is still rising.

But France's problem is deeper than irritation at the foreigner, or worries over finance. For the French seem to feel they have lost control of their own destiny. Events, whether these be symbolized by inflation, the Americans, Russia's armed might, or German rearmament, are, as it were, sweeping France onwards without any possibility of changing her course. Think of the sort of Armistice-Day editorial that appears in Canadian papers—full of phrases like "sacred memory," "renewed self-dedication for the years ahead," "that they shall not have died in vain," and whatnot. Then see the gulf that separates us from the continent of Europe, in this vivid but tragic excerpt from the editorial of *Combat* (anti-Communist left-wing daily) for Nov. 12, 1951:

"The passing of a squad of 'poilus' in sky-blue, at sixty rather bent beneath their rifles, but still firmly in step, seemed, as it were, a symbol: a vanished France was passing by.

They were the day of which we are the evening and perhaps the night.

The day was that of a France which had paid with its wealth and its savings for its victory, of a France to which the armistice brought a promise of greater happiness and social justice . . .

But the shadows have fallen on this recent past. The nation is worn with anxiety. The fear of war and of atomic massacre grows from day to day. Neither wealth nor savings remain to equip a footling army of 10 divisions. Individual selfishness, economic inequality, the ruins of two wars, weigh sorely on an ill-governed nation, disillusioned to see itself, after so many sacrifices, losing its voice in the councils of the world.

The day was a Marshal of France commander in chief of French, English, American, Belgian, and Italian troops.

The evening is an American general staff set up near Marly, our aerodromes at home and in North Africa occupied by others, our ports now bases for an army which, to be sure, is allied, but still foreign.

And it is a nation divided, stricken in its essence, its morality, its way of life by the triumph of tax evasion and of the black market, . . . by the anguish of the workers crushed by economic disorder and governmental anarchy."

Truly, this pathetic passage is no mere attack by an aggressive left wing against its government or on a foreign state. No, it is one of those rare occasions when the French show their inner emotions. And is it not, in some sort, a cry of the Twilight of the Gods? *Paris, December 6, 1951.*

Resale Price Maintenance

J. C. Grimshaw

► FOR MORE THAN half a century, governments in both Canada and the United States have been wrestling with the problem of devising legislation to control monopoly and curb monopolistic practices. While the amount of vigor and enthusiasm displayed has varied considerably, it has usually been at a maximum in times of rising prices. True to form, the present inflation has produced a new attack, this time on resale price maintenance. This is the practice whereby a manufacturer sets the retail price by agreement with the retailer, granting him a fixed mark-up, and subjecting him to penalties if he sells below it. Somewhat lately come to prominence in the great company of restrictive trade devices, it is quite common in the motor-vehicle and household-appliance industries, in the retail drug trade, and in the selling of bread, shoes, and shirts.

The dilemma of a government in legislating against monopolistic practices is in part economic in origin. An organization that is monopolistic may at the same time be very efficient. The chain store, for example, is obviously a more efficient medium for distributing goods to the public than a host of small retail stores. But the unrestricted growth of large chains cannot be looked upon with the complete equanimity which some economists manage to achieve. In addition to the political and social effects of a sharp reduction in the number of independent merchants, it is necessary to consider their influence of chain and department stores beyond the field of retail trade. By their enormous bargaining power, both of them can bring great pressure to bear on suppliers—small manufacturers, local farmers, etc. Furthermore, there is always the possibility that two or three large chain stores, operating in a community, will find it in their own interests to avoid vigorous price competition and concentrate heavily on competition in services.

Such lessening of price competition does not necessarily require a formal agreement, or even a tacit understanding. The realization that if one begins to cut prices, the others must follow, with the danger of a price war, is often sufficient to shift the emphasis from price to service competition. This relative price stability, accompanied by competition through elaboration of product and services, is one of the outstanding characteristics of the so-called monopolistic competition, where several large producers or sellers dominate a given industry or trade, though none has a monopoly. Such competition is typical of most of the consumer durable goods

industries—automobiles, refrigerators, washing machines, etc. The worst aspect of this type of competition is that it achieves relative price stability at the cost of wide fluctuation in employment and production. Combines legislation has been notably unsuccessful in combating it, since tacit agreements, or no agreement at all, make convincing impossible.

Realization of the complexity of the problem was no doubt behind the recommendation of the Royal Commission on Prices (The Curtis Commission) that the whole question of combines legislation be reviewed by a special committee. The Curtis Commission was all the more anxious that this should be done since their investigation indicated a very considerable increase in trade agreements and restrictive practices in the postwar period, largely as a result of wartime price controls. The government found it necessary to rely on trade associations and the cooperations of the largest producers in an industry to help enforce wartime price regulations. For this reason, the Combines Investigation Act was virtually suspended during the war, though it was strengthened somewhat in 1948. Manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers found it very convenient to continue much of the wartime cooperation in the postwar, and to use wartime standards of a "fair" profit and a "reasonable" mark-up.

Acting on the Curtis Committee recommendation, the federal government appointed the McQuarrie Committee in June of 1950, to study the existing combines legislation in Canada. Quite properly the McQuarrie Committee considered the problem of resale price maintenance under its terms of reference, and asked for briefs on that subject, among others. But it was certainly not the chief topic of the committee's investigation, and there was no suggestion that it be considered apart from the general problem of restrictive practices and legislation to combat them.

The federal government evidently decided otherwise. Last September, the Minister of Justice, Mr. Garson, asked the McQuarrie Committee to prepare a special report on resale price maintenance, to be submitted early in October, before Parliament opened. Under considerable pressure of time, the Committee prepared a brief report, recommending that it be made an offence for any supplier or manufacturer to set a retail price for his product, and to refuse to sell, withdraw a franchise, or take any form of action to enforce minimum resale prices. The Committee stated, however, that the manufacturer should be allowed to suggest maximum prices for his product.

In the Speech from the Throne, the government declared its intention of introducing such legislation, as an amendment to the Combines Investigation Act. No doubt, the Liberal government was encouraged in its enthusiasm for a ban on resale price maintenance by the events of last spring in the United States. At that time, a Supreme Court judgment ruled that resale price maintenance agreements could not be upheld on articles entering interstate trade. The immediate effect was a price war of major proportions between several large department stores in New York. (It might be noted that the price war came to an end in a few weeks, without any discernible effect on the American price level.) Perhaps also the government's determination was further strengthened by the severe criticism of its failure to curb rising prices. In any case, the Liberals suddenly showed a very touching solicitude for the consumer.

To counter the strong opposition to the proposed ban of resale price maintenance, the government established a Joint Parliamentary Committee to hear representations and generally investigate the whole matter more thoroughly. There was literally a flood of briefs to the Committee, each more partisan than the other. In the battle which ensued,

some of the combatants may have been rather surprised at the allies on their side of the barricades. Labor and consumer groups found themselves lined up with department stores, opposing small retailers and large manufacturers. The whole issue must have meant an uncomfortable conflict of loyalties for one who was strongly pro-labor, suspicious of big business, and a staunch supporter of the rights of the "little man." Equally intriguing was the fact that both sides based their arguments on standards of efficiency and freedom of competition. Of course, each had its own definition of the term "competition." Those favoring resale price maintenance—small retailers and manufacturers—were thinking largely in terms of product and service competition. Those opposed were advocating more vigorous price competition. What either side meant by efficiency was anybody's guess.

Whatever the strength of the arguments pro and con, the report of the Parliamentary Committee, with its strong Liberal majority, was a foregone conclusion. All attempts to slow down proceedings and postpone the question to the next session of parliament were defeated. On December 10, the Minister of Justice introduced into parliament an amendment to the Combines Investigation Act banning resale price maintenance. Penalties are the same as those under the existing legislation—a fine of \$10,000 for an individual and \$25,000 for a corporation, or two years in jail.

In some quarters, the government ban on resale price maintenance has been hailed as the beginning of a new era of vigorous attack on restrictive trading practices. It is true that the legislation marks the first real attack on a restrictive trade practice that is not the result of a combination. Further, it bans the practice outright; it is not necessary to prove that resale price maintenance is against the public interest in order to win a conviction. In other circles, however, there is more than a suspicion that the legislation was something of a political trick, an attempt to divert attention from the failure to combat rapidly rising prices. There has also been very wide criticism of the haste with which the bill was forced through, without full consideration of the issues.

Even more unfortunate, perhaps, is the fact that the government has chosen to separate resale price maintenance from the whole subject of monopolies and trade restrictions and a comprehensive investigation into existing legislation dealing with them. There are many reasons for the growth of resale price maintenance in the different industries and



HIBERNATING BEAR—LAURENCE HYDE
(Courtesy of Lacie Earg., Quebec City)

trades where it predominates. Resale price maintenance has not the same significance in the drug trade as it has in the distribution of automobiles, for example.

The excuse for dealing with resale price maintenance as a distinct unit is its common characteristic, wherever it occurs, of removing price competition at the retail level. The government felt this was justification for banning the practice, on the ground that the consumer is entitled to the full benefits of price competition among retailers.

The small retailer has been pointing out with a vigor bordering on frenzy that the more "efficient" retailer is usually the department or chain store. If resale price maintenance is banned, the small store keeper feels that he will have little or no protection from their severe price competition. In particular, neither he nor the manufacturer is especially pleased with the prospect of the "loss leader" device, the practice of some of the larger stores of selling a well known brand below the cost, in order to attract customers. The government's assurance that it will now begin to enforce Section 498a of the Criminal Code, which outlaws the loss leader, is little consolation. This section has lain dormant on the statute books for the past seventeen years, in part because it would be so difficult to prove an offence in court. The retailers much prefer their own solution: resale price maintenance.

The fact is, in many sections of retail trade, especially drugs, resale price maintenance was a device sponsored by the retailers to protect themselves against the competition of the chain store. Manufacturers fell in with it because they did not like the loss leader, as it disparaged their products, and because retailers were in a position to "push" lines in which resale price agreements had been signed.

Unfortunately, the cure in some respects had been worse than the disease. With price competition eliminated in many lines of goods, the small retail druggist has been forced to compete through expensive services, elaborate advertising, and shining chrome and glass fronts. By raising the costs of operation, this sort of competition inevitably reduces the benefit the retailer derives from the high margins originally granted in his agreement with the manufacturer. It is a clear case of high prices accompanied by modest profits. Furthermore, the high margins themselves have proved a great temptation to those wishing to enter the drug trade, and have been partially responsible for overcrowding.

The retail drug trade is in something of a dilemma, and so is the government in dealing with the problem. In its efforts to promote price competition, the government may have encouraged the further growth of chain stores. They in turn may sooner or later shift from vigorous price to active service competition. Undoubtedly, the more skillful small-scale retailers will survive, but they will do so only by further emphasis on services.

The case is rather different in the appliance field. Here, the impetus for controlling the retail price has come from the manufacturer. Since his product is expensive to produce, and depends for a continuous market on ready availability of repair services and parts, the producers have been very anxious to establish a stable dealer organization. This they have been able to do by setting the retail price, and guaranteeing to the dealer a fixed margin sufficient to recover his distribution costs. Control of retail price maintenance in the appliance field is therefore inherent in the nature of the product. It is thus likely that the new bill will be evaded, with manufacturers careful to preserve the letter of the law while ignoring its spirit. Suggested maximum prices could easily become enforced minimum prices, and

it would be very difficult to prove coercion on the part of the producer, since there are so many valid reasons he could use for his withdrawal of his product from the retailer who does not comply with the "suggested" price. If this does not work, manufacturers may finally establish their own retail outlets.

A much more effective attack on high costs of distribution in these industries might be a reduction in tariffs. Competition from appliances made in the U.S.A. might be more effective than a bill banning resale price maintenance in lowering prices on products manufactured under conditions of monopolistic competition behind a tariff wall.

Though it has only been possible to touch on a few aspects of resale price maintenance, enough has been said to indicate the need for a thorough investigation into the particular circumstances surrounding it in the different industries where it occurs, and of relating this practice to the whole subject of combines legislation. It may be objected that such investigations do take time, and in the meanwhile, prices are still rising. (One might reasonably ask whether it is not better to take immediate action to reduce prices, and investigate other restrictions on competition at leisure.) But it is extremely doubtful if a ban on resale price maintenance will have much effect on lowering the price level, though it may result in a flurry of sales. The present inflationary forces are much too strong to be overcome by passing an amendment to the Combines Investigation Act. And yet monopolistic and restrictive trade practices, of which resale price maintenance is only one, pose very serious long-run problems for the Canadian people. It would be most unfortunate if the present government has sacrificed the possibility of some solution to them, to the immediate political advantage obtained from legislation of very doubtful value in the present economic crisis.

Hockey and Hokum

S. F. Wise and D. M. Fisher

► A LEADING CANADIAN EXPORT to the South has slumped in quantity this winter: the hockey player. A number of teams operating in American cities have quit, perhaps because of television's inroads and certainly linked with the tightening in the whole entertainment industry; but more ominous still are indications that the game itself is losing appeal with the American public. Even in Canada it is becoming apparent that hockey, for long the only sport which could command and focus national interest, is languishing.

Hockey as an entertainment gradually extended into the United States in the '20s and '30s, with breaks in the expansive rhythm caused by the depression and the wars. Since 1945 expansion had been swift, and its consequences have affected even the smallest towns in Canada. Hockey has never been a sophisticated game to watch or play but it has aspects which are capable of a high degree of technical development: checkerboard passing for the group and stick-handling for the individual are examples. But to sell hockey to a people entirely ignorant of its traditions it was thought necessary to emphasize the grosser points of the game: speed, spills, and roughness. This gearing of the game to external factors has resulted in a universal deterioration of the old standards: intricate passing patterns by a three-man forward line have been replaced by pell-mell rushes of a whole team, and the gifted individual has been dragged back to the general level of mediocrity by tacit encouragement of such tactics as holding, slashing, and boarding. A typically North

American product has been evolved; as with Ford cars, players taken in the mass have become virtually interchangeable, their differences only minor. The body of hockey rules offered no brake to the process; from the drop of the puck all is rapid and fluid motion with endless variety of situation—such a sport could never become fixed, like baseball or cricket, by an inclusive code. In addition, the professional leagues have never hesitated to tamper with the code they have.

The new brand of play was not marked "for export only." Its exponent, the powerful National Hockey League, to safeguard its sources of supply, impressed upon all hockey organizations in Canada its stylistic concepts and its idea of regulated organization. A web of mutual working agreements radiated from parent NHL teams, enshrouding clubs in the lowest classification playing in the most remote regions of Canada. The freedom of the individual player was drastically reduced; by the age of sixteen a promising youth had normally bequeathed his talents to the exclusive ownership of one club and his future progress up the ladder had already been charted. National rationalization of play and organization, which could only be effected by the early acquisition and training of the playing raw material, was aided greatly by the glorification of NHL hockey in the press and on the radio.

For a time, the national amateur governing body put up a show of independence but eventually it came to terms—terms which protected NHL player investment and in essence gave professional hockey practical control of the game at all levels. There was, however, rather more resistance to the professional mode of play in the West where there was a holdout for the older style with less body-contact and more passing and puck control. At the national amateur finals, if played in the East, Westerners complained bitterly about the robustness and interference allowed; if played in the West, fans took more active exception to Eastern brutality. In Moose Jaw a few years ago there was a full-fledged riot when a St. Michael's College junior team (under 21 years) demonstrated its model of the professional game. But the extension of professional sponsorship into the prairies and the common training administered every fall to bands of neophytes at professional hockey's Camp Borden settled the playing world into one form. Good prospects were funnelled into junior teams, the best of them playing under excellent coaching in strong leagues in Southern Ontario or Quebec at the doorstep and under the surveillance of the National League. The second level of professional leagues (American Hockey League, for example) either fitted into the NHL hierarchy or sponsored their own junior teams.

The aggrandizement of under-age hockey was largely at the expense of senior hockey. The latter was once the second level of excellence; ordinarily quasi-professional, its national competition for the Allan Cup had knitted east-west lines from Halifax to the Kootenays for several decades. With the cream skimmed before senior hockey could buy, the quality of play slipped, and a wide disparity of calibre grew up between teams with sound financial backing and those from smaller centres. The spectacle of an unheralded team springing from the hinterland to take all honors in either senior or junior competition disappeared—the essential nucleus of good local players was playing elsewhere.

Last year the disparity was so obvious that a new competition, the "Major Series," leading to the prize of the Alexander Cup, was established; the smaller towns and poorer clubs carried on in a devitalized Allan Cup playoff. Four "Major" leagues (the Prairie cities, the Maritimes, the

Quebec-Montreal-Ottawa area, and Toronto-Hamilton-Kitchener) fought it out in lengthy playoffs, which failed to attract even regional interest and thus were financially disastrous. The West and Ontario abandoned the "Major" idea, Calgary, Edmonton, and Saskatoon joining a West Coast professional league in a daring gamble against huge travelling expenses, while other places reverted to Allan Cup grade. Toronto dropped out of senior hockey altogether.

It is an old habit for Canadian hockey teams to lose money on the year's operation, but at one time municipal or regional pride underwrote all such expense. The concentration of the best talent in American cities or in Eastern Canada has shifted attention, even in the main spawning areas—the West and North—from the local scene and to distant arenas where the exploits of their youth may be followed by press or radio reports. It is now possible for the folk of Timmins or North Battleford to become enthusiastic about the fortunes, say, of the Cincinnati Mohawks, and to show only apathy towards local teams.

With the hockey recession in the United States and the great number of artificial-ice arenas sprouting across the country one might forecast a resurgence of the game at home. But it will take more than the erection of twenty or thirty brick and concrete edifices of a startling sameness to restore the fortunes of hockey in Canada. The game is suffering from serious internal maladies, and at the same time is being forced to meet unprecedented competition from other sports. The emphasis upon the crudities rather than the subtleties of the game has meant relying for support upon a section of popular taste which is notoriously fickle: the fate of lacrosse in Canada is testimony. Moreover, there has grown up a sharp conflict between the publicity presentation of hockey and its rationalization as an industry.

North American sports propaganda has tended to centre around the individual star, an inclination stemming from the '20s when such figures as Babe Ruth, Dempsey, Red Grange, and Bill Tilden became objects of continental adulation. The effort to apply the same method to the publicizing of hockey has broken down due to the nature of the game, particularly in view of the recent trends in play. Individual moments of brilliance are too fleeting to be etched upon the imagination or recaptured in print; much more so than in baseball or football. The alternative method of presentation would be an objective and technical analysis of the game in terms of an underlying theme or themes which would unify



DEER—LAURENCE HYDE
(Courtesy of Lacia Engr., Quebec City)

an hour's play, and render all details of action intelligible. This approach, characteristic of sophisticated or "civilized" sports, would have been difficult to apply to hockey of twenty years ago, much less that of today. The pace of action is so swift and unpunctuated (in contrast to the change of tempo common to other team sports) that only a bundle of primary impressions is accumulated—a series of emotional crescendos upon which the mind finds no time to work. Hockey, because of its failure to achieve either individual pre-eminence or intellectual appeal, is giving ground to sports which possess these attributes to a high degree.

Part of the appeal of any sport lies in its traditions, its records, and its permanent standards of measurement. Baseball is rich in tradition, and since its schedule and rules have been almost static since the turn of the century, quite valid comparisons can be made by enthusiasts between the performance of teams and individuals of today and yesterday. Hockey, with changed rules and organization and an abnormally extended schedule, has cut itself off from its own past. To score twenty goals in a season was once the mark of an outstanding player, now such feats are common; but a .300 hitting average in baseball has been and will continue to be a genuine standard of individual ability.

Hockey, without permanent standards and with a false type of press backing, has leaned to distortion, circus tactics, and publicity "angles" to keep itself in the news. The game will always have a low moral tone: for an offence that would mean banishment from the field in baseball or rugby, the hockeyist sits out a time penalty. It's a morbid fact that reminiscences of the game revolve around famous incidents of barbarity; for instance, the fracturing of "Ace" Bailey's skull by Eddie Shore.

When hockey pushed its season into autumn it bid for attention with rugby football. Football's tremendous growth, especially in the West, underlines the decline in hockey's interest and prestige. Football's setting is more colorful with the crowd itself an added flavor. The game has all levels of appreciation: brute conflict of an elemental nature, infinite complexity, a chess-like quality, and an atmosphere of mystery generated by the pause, the feint, and the huddle. You couldn't get a scholarly book on hockey; there are many on football. In hockey Canadians were pushing a foreign game into the U.S.A.; football is indigenous to both countries and the Canadian game has been buttressed by the fervor of American publicity. Football heroes now encroach on the pedestals once monopolized by hockey stars. The competition is uneven since the high schools of the entire country have made football "the" sport. It is not too much to say that the game requires more intelligence from the player, that the majority of players have better educations, and therefore, that the game has a class prestige which hockey lacks. There are also tangible rewards now in the form of salaries or jobs.

The situation in the eastern universities shows the trend. In the '20s and early '30s Varsity and McGill hockey teams were giants in the land; now hockey is less important as an interest to the students or players than basketball. Varsity a short time ago were giving their football coach more than ten times the money their hockey mentor received (and more than any professor). Western universities have been lukewarm to football, in contrast to the new obsession of the general populace with the game, but they are not hockey strongholds. Basketball has a direct seasonal rivalry with hockey, and it is less costly to play for the player (and for the sponsor). The building of school gymnasias and the support of the YMCA more than counters the new rinks.

Even curling is luring boys who once would have found hockey a physical outlet. This rivalry of other sports is stealing hockey's base, the player, and other entertainments are seizing its share of the entertainment dollars. Professional wrestling creeps into smaller and smaller towns with weekly shows; skating carnivals and weekly bingos skim profits and keep the new rinks community centres in a wider sense. Foster Hewitt is still a national figure, perhaps his audience grows, but the old interest isn't there: there are too many others. It may be a sad thing to see our third-ranking symbol, the hockey player, disappear from behind the Mountie and the beaver, but the game will hardly wither unto death for it has the prime ingredient of any game: it's a pleasure to play it.

The Growth of Canadian Ballet

E. G. Coleman

► **BALLET IN CANADA** is a phenomenon that no one can quite explain. There seems to be no logical reason why a somewhat complex and difficult art form should arouse so much enthusiasm—indeed, fanaticism—not only in those who practise it, but in those who come to see it. Ballet is, of course, like that—but Canadians, as a rule, are not. I am inclined to think that the "better mousetrap" principle has something to do with it, for the mousetraps of ballet are very alluring, and work that is well and honestly done always has a certain appeal. Also ballet has supplied an outlet for eager and budding dancers, painters, designers, and choreographers, and the combination leads to some remarkably endearing performances, where the whole is somewhat greater than the sum of its parts.

The facts about ballet in Canada are fairly simple. There are in existence at present some twenty companies doing fair-to-good work in dancing, choreography, decor, and costume. Three years ago, at the first Ballet Festival at Winnipeg, in 1948, three excellent companies performed. At Toronto, a year later, there were ten, and these, from report, were of a high standard of excellence. And this all started not much more than ten years ago. In Canada there are some outstanding dancers—and there are, alas, in England and the States, perhaps the most outstanding Canadian dancers. Of those who have gone there are Melissa Hayden, of Toronto, who is with the New York Civic Centre Ballet; Arnold Mathes and Don Gilles, also of Toronto, Carlu Carter, Freddie Matthews, and John Waks, of Winnipeg, and Walter Burgess of Victoria, who are scattered through the Sadler's Wells and Markova-Dolin companies. We cannot afford to lose these people, but we do. Some, too, like the gifted and enchanting Paddy Stone, have gone into musical comedy—a fact which to the purist may be deplorable, but which is economically understandable. Of those who remain, Arnold Spohr, of Winnipeg, David Adams and Lois Smith, now in Toronto, and Kay Armstrong, of Vancouver, have all done and are doing work of originality and promise, but how long can they keep it up? The top rate of pay for the Winnipeg Ballet, for instance, is \$100.00 a month, which must increase the practice of what Mr. Abbott describes as "careful buying and thrift," but which has hardly anything else to recommend it as a reward for a great deal of hard work.

Ballet in Canada received its initial impetus, of course, from people like Gweneth Lloyd, Ruth Sorel, and Boris Volkoff, who are not native-born, but who pioneered here,

and who brought to Canada the standards and traditions and heritage of far older countries and cultures. Perhaps the standards they have set are the most important part of the work they have done. To start with raw material—and it can be very raw—and to shape of it performers and performances that are professional and finished, is no small achievement. The people who have done it are people who know that careful, exact craftsmanship is of prime importance; that technical excellence goes a long way toward artistic excellence, and that talent is a wishy-washy thing unless it is solidly founded on honest hard work. Anyway, you can compare the standard of performance in the ballet to the standard of performance, on the whole, in the theatre, music, painting, literature, and the ubiquitous "dance recital," and you will see a certain difference. This is not said to decry the work either attempted or accomplished in other fields. It is simply to point out that between amateurism and professionalism, as between hell and heaven, there is a "great gulf fixed," and that the amateurs of Canadian ballet have succeeded in leaping that chasm and in giving performances that are examples of what can be done under an inspired leadership which will not lower its standards. This is not easy. The temptations are very great; the financial rewards are very small. The Winnipeg Ballet, for example, ended its fiscal year with a bitter little \$260.00 deficit—and this on starvation salaries. Its achievement was considerable, its problems innumerable, and its financial position is woefully insecure. This is true also of many Canadian ballet companies who are working hard like the Canadian beaver for—what? Money? Hardly. But you must, of necessity catch ballet dancers young, and youth can sometimes be almost unbelievably generous and idealistic, and if you have captured this imagination and enthusiasm you have won the major engagement—and you can turn out remarkably competent and touchingly beautiful performances. But can you keep it up?

This brings us to the Massey Report, which recommends the "underwriting of tours and the establishment of awards to young people of promise," and "the promotion of knowledge of Canada abroad by means of foreign tours by Canadian lecturers and performers." It also brings us to the establishment of a Canadian National Ballet, a matter which has been urged for some years. There is, at the moment, an effort being made by a group in Toronto, headed by Celia Franka, of Sadler's Wells, to form a National Ballet of the best Canadian dancers from various centres, though it is not "national" in the sense of being government-sponsored and supported.

However, if Canadian ballet is to fulfill its bright promise, it is going to need financial support, both for companies and for individuals, and it is to be hoped that the government will take the Massey Report recommendations seriously, and act on them promptly and advisedly. There is, as always with "government aid," some danger of tripping up the dancers with red tape, but it might be worth while to give them some money and tell them to continue with their occupation. Ballet, by its vigorous growth in so brief a time, has proved that the material is there; that talent, energy, imagination, and enthusiasm are there for the taking and the making. The past of Canadian ballet is rather remarkable—its future should be worth ensuring.

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Professor Phelps admitted that a majority of the 746 couldn't name the date of confederation (1857) or the number of provinces participating when the dominion was formed (four).

(Regina Leader-Post)

Earlier in his address, the national president declared that the Junior Chamber of Commerce was a great new organization in the world today. He said that the organization composed of the young men of 23 countries is destined to become the greatest force for good on the face of the earth.

Formed 35 years ago, he termed the junior chamber the fastest growing organization in the country.

(Kingston, Ontario, Whig-Standard)

SOLDIERS GRATEFUL TO BARRIE, FURNISH MATERNITY ROOM

(Heading, The Globe and Mail)

Ten short years ago, in order to enter his Esplanade Avenue "office" in Montreal, J. Rene Ouimet had to descend a flight of stairs into a damp and dingy basement cubby-hole. Today, symbolically enough, J. Rene Ouimet mounts a flight of stairs to not only a spacious general office but also an immense, luxuriously furnished, private office which houses among other things a bathroom, shower, and built-in refrigerated liquor cabinet. This typifies the ascent of a man with a lust for life and a strong suspicion that business can be a real pleasure. And considering the facility with which he turns a dollar, no wonder he feels that way.

Most of this progress of J. Rene Ouimet Limitee is recorded in a composite cartoon—elaborately prepared and presented by a member of the staff—which hangs on J. Rene's wall. It traces the steady rise of the boy who won scholarships in high school right up to the time he turned a forgotten French-Canadian meat ball delicacy into a bonanza. It is quite a story.

(Canadian Food Industries, Gardenvale, Quebec)

I warn the minister or anybody else who supports such action that if the radio people dare to advertise the liquor business there will be a fight on their hands. I have never meant anything more seriously in this house than when I say that there will be a fight on our hands, and the contest between Daniel and the lion will have to take second place.

(The Reverend Dan McIvor, the member for Fort William, speaking in the debate on the speech from the throne, Hansard).

Erik Baltare, 63, carpenter, started a 10-year term in the B.C. penitentiary today after being convicted of manslaughter in the death of his landlady, Mrs. Mary Parker, last July 28. "It was an ugly crime," Mr. Justice A. D. McFarlane said, "You cut a woman's throat."

(Toronto Daily Star)

The first consideration is the safety of the state and its allies. To that all others must be subordinated.

(Editorial, The Toronto Telegram)

The French-Canadian shows great aptitude for finding his own contentment in his work and in simple pleasures. The labor organization problem has generally been less pronounced in Quebec where from the beginning the basic dignity of man was observed and recognized by employers.

(Plant Administration)

When Mr. Stick also objected to Prof. Line's broadcast, George M. Murray (L, Cariboo) asked what parts of the talk he found objectionable. "He tries to tell us how to live," Mr. Stick replied. "He touches on religion; he says if our parents are Catholics, we are Catholics; if our parents are Liberals, we are Liberals. I think he is attacking our cherished institutions. If not, he is throwing doubt on them."

(Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Mr. J. Dingman, Regina, Sask. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

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Four Sisters

John A. MacEwen

► I ALWAYS KNEW when they had come. There would be a slight rustling and whispering at the door. A pause. Then a diffident knock. When I opened the door they would hesitate a moment, smiling and bobbing a little, before they came in and hurried to their seats. There they would sit, with the flapping black gowns hanging to the floor and the snow-white, stiff-starched coifs gleaming under the sombre hoods. They would sit and wait with folded hands; or maybe some would take out the book and look at me expectantly.

"Well, Sisters," I would say. "Have you anything for me today?"

There would be something gleeful in their usually grave demeanor as they passed me the essays they had written. I didn't assign them subjects as I did with the others in the class. They chose their own topics—"Flowers" or "The Value of Poetry" or "Music." I've read worse things than some of those essays. When I'd collected the essays I'd pick up my copy of the anthology and open it at the place marked. Very often—for the special class was held at four o'clock in the afternoon—the low winter sun would come flooding in the six large windows on the south side and cast great shadows on the wall. It would seem to me then that some kind of quiet dreaming existed in that room, with the rest of the college practically empty, and only the five of us here with poems to read and beauty to be had for the asking.

Well then we'd begin to read. With anyone else in a class you're not sure when a fine touch is going to get through and when it isn't. But that wasn't the way with this little group. Of course there were natural differences. Sister Angelina was the best. She had a heart and soul that responded to the pain of beauty like young flowers to a warm spring rain. The others were less aware. But all had a fine sensitivity to the sound and feel of the verses they read. They knew without having it proved to them that here was no idle witchery for a passing hour, but the distillation of the love and joy and grief and profound reflection upon all life of the creature we call man.

I usually read a few lines, then paused to comment or sometimes explain. The bent heads would straighten up at once, only to dip down again for the urgent business of busy note-making and underlining. Sometimes we ran into difficulties. It was all right when we were reading someone like Keats, but when we launched out on the rugged seas of Burns's humor there was an awkward moment or two. The serious mien became ever more serious, the application to notebook and text ever more intent, as we made our way cautiously into "Holy Willie's Prayer." And certain parts of "Tam O'Shanter" produced a wonderful degree of concentration.

"Sir—"

Sister Madeleine squeaked slightly when she spoke. Her face looked smaller and more wrinkled with concern than ever as she darted her bright eyes from me to her book.

"Sir, what—just what is a 'cutty sark'?"

"Well, 'cutty' means 'cut short,' and 'sark' means 'shirt.' So a 'cutty sark' is a shirt cut short. It's an article of women's underclothing."

The picture of Jenny dancing in her cutty sark at midnight in the churchyard became clear to Sister Madeleine. She adjusted her glasses with the round gold frames.

"I see. Thank you." Busy note-making.

I didn't ask them anything about themselves. Whenever we talked after the twice-weekly hour we spoke only of matters connected with the course. So it was that I never came to know them better. I didn't know their secular names or where they came from. The things I knew about them were of the most obvious kind.

Sister Teresa, for instance, looked like an aunt of mine who lived in the country, and she had the same mannerism of constantly nodding and saying "yes" while you talked to her. Her accent was rich with the heavy, thudding vowels of our province's farm folk. In answering or asking a question she would cock her head to one side and nervously blink her eyes. Her questions—when she could bring herself to ask them—were nearly always concerned with meaning. She'd had little experience, it seemed, either by personal adventure or by reading, except for the roaming she must have done as a child over the hills and through the woods of her father's farm. She loved and revered, quite uncritically, the open sky and the rolling land beneath it. She saw it as Thomson, Cowper, and Wordsworth did—as good, charged with beauty, and breathing with the spirit of God. I could never bring myself to say, as I often felt I ought, that there was at least standing-room for the devil in nature too, and that cruelty and appalling waste were as much part of nature's way as anything mild and benevolent. Sister Teresa had retained much of her innocence in a disillusioned world, and there was nothing to be gained by setting the dogs of fact upon her. Far better to let her keep her illusions. Her shyness and her wide, warm smile made her still at, maybe, forty essentially the same naive country girl she had been when she first took the veil.

"Mr. O'Neill, sir—"

Sister Berenice had a high, clear soprano voice, and she used it with firmness and vigor.

"Did you say that we were to do *all* the poems of Burns in the book?"

The question was typical of the round-faced, rosy little woman who invariably sat in a rear seat. She enjoyed the work and did well at it, but it was not in the cut of her spirit to do more than the correct amount. She dearly loved to have matters well and truly arranged in lots and plots. Her manner was precise, sharp, and quick as any bubble. Her pencils were always pointed meticulously to a needle sharpness. She wrote with the back of her pen-nib, so that the writing would be as fine as possible. Her notebooks were models of neatness, and the six essays she handed in were invariably laid out in a strict plan and to the length of exactly seven pages. For her it was more than regrettable, it was deeply felt tragedy that some of the best poets—such as poor Coleridge, or Burns for that matter—lived such disordered lives. Order and neatness were so much a part of her life (I'd guess that she was about thirty) that it utterly failed her to see any virtue at all in disarray. Her nose was small and pointed; her eyes a sparkling blue; and when she bent to her note-book she seemed to peck at the page like a sandpiper.

As I think of that small class another question comes to mind.

"Sir, why did so many English writers write sonnets? Did they specially like that verse-form?"

There was an excuse for a speech! What a chance to go on about the vital connection between the restraint of the form and the energy of the idea, and about the value of discipline in art. And such a discourse would be exactly to the taste of the one who asked the question—Sister Madeleine, who was the oldest of the group and who wore round, gold-rimmed glasses. Her face was lined and creased with

network on network of fine wrinkles. She looked at you with an expression of friendliness combined with extraordinary shrewdness. It was as though she was telling you she liked you all right, but that her store of illusions did not contain anything bearing upon you. Her days had been spent in the difficult and usually thankless work of teaching and mothering swarms of little hellions who poured into her classroom at St. Thomas's School, a shabby structure of dirty brick at the edge of a filthy slum district. Fancy and imagination came hard to her. She loved more than the spirit the bones of literature—the facts about time and place, methods and influence, technique and form. These things were joy to her. And I do believe that they fed her heart, as well as her mind, in a manner to be fully credited only by those in the know. After all, who is to say where the best nourishment is to be found inside the covers of a book?

Of the four of them, however, one face above all remains fixed in my memory. It is the face of Sister Angelina, she of the lovely name and the pale, thin, mobile features. She sat in the front seat on the far right of the classroom, and often the light would come in on her from the side in such a way that when I glanced over I'd see only the black of her attire and the gleam of the skin on her white hands as they held the book on the desk before her. She was a beautiful woman. What's of a great deal more importance is the fact that she responded to beauty with the rarest kind of sensitivity. Her eyes were gray, serene under high, curving eyebrows. They could change in a moment. A far, detached look could pass over them like the drifting of a sudden dream into the ordinary, common day. Those eyes missed nothing in any line they read. Every tone and overtone of thought and meaning, every turn and shift in rhythm, Sister Angelina caught and made her own. She took into the substance of her life the best of what she read, and held it there. I remember well what she wrote about the poem of Housman on a fleet-footed young athlete who died while he was still in his prime. She said it made her want to put her arms about the speaker, to comfort such weary sadness and disillusionment. She wanted to give the deepest, warmest assurance of her faith that life does not come to its final end among the strengthless dead. She took part in literature, and did not simply read it with delicate taste and amused tolerance of any idea so long as it was surpassingly well-expressed. Her reaction was personal, intense, far removed from the half-bored appreciation of more sophisticated minds. To her the athlete dying young was an experience almost within her own life, and for this reason the poem had the greatest value for her. She opened her rare intelligence eagerly and used it with skill and delight.

There would be need for having the light on before half-past five, the time at which we usually closed the book. The sky would be red through the windows, and all about straight tails of smoke would be waving up into the cold, dusky winter air. People would be hurrying home through the grey snow in their overshoes, with a folded newspaper or a paper bag under the arm, and good thoughts of baked beans and fried potatoes in the head. At five-thirty the bell would go, and the busy note-making would be over until another day.

They would shut their books and gather the black habits about them as they rose. It seemed always there was a little embarrassment in our leave-taking. They would say their thank you's and good-bye's, and would cluster in the doorway, jostling one another slightly, one or two backing out and the others going out straight or sideways. Then with a rustling flutter they would be off down the hall under the glow of the yellow lights. When they had gone I sometimes stood at the window briefly and thought of what had been said and how they had looked. In particular I thought

of the woman now called Sister Angelina, and wondered what might have become of my life if I had known her in the days before she had taken the veil. Before long I would turn out the lights in the room and go home through the winter evening just as the street-lamps were casting their pools in the snow.

On The Air

Allan Sangster

► IT IS NOW (December 13th) practically certain that for the next five years the CBC will have an assured and adequate income, for on this day Parliament gave third and final reading to the bill which gives the Corporation an annual grant of six and one-half million dollars. The Corporation has stated publicly that if this happy state of affairs did become a reality, it would take action on two of the important recommendations of the Massey report. That it would, in short, drop some of its sponsored network programs and would also abandon, on its own stations, local advertising except in those localities where no other radio service is available.

All of this is going to mean that a good deal of that precious radio commodity, time, will be freed. Both locally and on the Corporation's networks more time will be available for the presentation of the CBC's own (or, as they say in the trade, sustaining) programs. What to do with this time? Well, most of this column will suggest answers to that question.

One horrible, or heartening (depending on your viewpoint) probability which appears at once is that the soap operas may go. No longer will Fulcrum Brothers of Gocro and Pramble be able to snatch the best afternoon hour on the Trans-Canada Network and fill it with their hopped-up travesties of life. Does this mean, then, that there will be no drama in the afternoons? Not if the CBC is wise. In fact, if it has half the sense which God gave the advertising men, it will realize, as the agencies have done, that afternoon is a good time for radio drama. In fact, that is exactly why Fulcrum Brothers, for example, have booked a solid hour on T-C for more years than I've been writing this column. Many listeners are at home, the bulk of their day's work is done, they are accessible to radio drama.

Nor does this mean that the afternoon audience would listen to, would welcome, only such pap as is offered in *Life Can Be Beautiful*, *Ma Perkins*, *Pepper Young*, and *The Right To Happiness*. It must be remembered that the agency, perpetrating commercial programs, is under compulsions vastly different from those which bear on the CBC. The agency, spending anywhere up to five thousand dollars for network, casts, scripts and other fees for an hour on Trans-Canada, has, literally, no concern with good programming in the absolute sense. Its only concern is with attractive programming—with the type of program which will snare the largest number of available listeners and keep them listening come hell or high water. This so that every listener will hear, as often as possible, the commercial messages which are the heart, the sole *raison d'être*, of every sponsored program. To this end the typical soap opera has been evolved—the best, tried and tested long term answer in the search for a program pattern which, like a charged wire, will never release its victim so long as its own energy and the victim's muscles hold out.

But this is not to say that soap opera is the only dramatic program to which the afternoon audience will listen. The CBC, unlike the agencies, is under no compulsion to rivet

housewives to their radios—it has no need to fool all of the people all of the time. Its duty is only to provide the best possible dramatic fare, in the reasonable certainty that people will like what they hear and come back for more; in the knowledge that, even at first, good drama will entertain some of the people some of the time. And the whole experience of radio broadcasting, in all its thirty years of life, has been that as more good programs are offered, more and more people get to like them, even to prefer them. The process is slow, but it is almost inevitable.

So, for a first suggestion, let's have some drama in the afternoons. Let's have some original half-hour pieces, done, for a change, from Toronto, where the best actors and directors are available. Let's have a repeat performance, once or twice a week, drawn from the past glories of the Stages and Wednesday Nights. I've talked many times with CBC executives about recording dramatic shows for repeat presentation, and always receive the answer which is to them, apparently, the final blank wall: "We can't do that; the Unions (musicians and actors) will not allow it." But have they—the CBC people—really persisted, I keep wondering. Every performance, repeated by recording, means money for no work, and if the actors and musicians will not accept, say, a third of their original fee, ten to fifty dollars for something which costs them absolutely nothing in time or effort, then they must indeed be stupid.

Perhaps this is the time to hope again that the drama department will at last get around to establishing a drama workshop—an experimental radio theatre which will produce promising scripts by new writers, unusual and off-track scripts by established ones, which will train new actors and investigate new forms. Which will, in general, exhibit the same curiosity, broadness of outlook and willingness to experiment shown by Andrew Allan's work in Vancouver, or by the early Stages. It is, one would suppose, a little early for Canadian radio to be getting into a rut, and yet, with the exception of an occasional piece on Wednesday Night, and Ross McLean's Cartoons from Vancouver, both regional and national drama do not seem to show the lively and inquiring spirit which they had in younger days. On the basis of productions heard, I'd suggest Robert Allan, of Vancouver, to head such a drama workshop—it is certainly not making the best use of available talent to keep such an able, sensitive, and versatile a director tucked away in one of the regions with almost no chance to produce radio plays.

Alternatively, or perhaps simultaneously, the top-notch producers—Andrew Allan, if he returns, or Esse Ljungh, or J. Frank Willis, could be dispatched now and then to do a series of shows from each of the regional producing points, there to inspire and train the local actors and instruct, by example, the regional producers. None of this is intended to say that we are not getting fairly good dramatic fare from the CBC, but only that it could possibly be improved if the status quo were shaken up and a little more thought and effort given to the whole subject.

More suggestions, perhaps, next month. In the meantime, space is running out, and I can't close this month's column without welcoming back to the air the great—and I use the word deliberately—Max Ferguson. I do not call him Rawhide, for he is many more than that—he is Peter, and Harold the Spider, and Marvin Mellowbell the flawless, fruity-voiced announcer, Granny, Jack of the brittle-hard voice, and a host of others. Add them up, add in the quality of his self-written scripts, his skill and wit as a debunker, and the sum, to my mind, is the most engaging and versatile radio-comedian which this country has ever produced.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► WHEN ROBERT ROSSEN made *All the King's Men* from the Penn Warren novel, at least part of his idea was to make the character and career of a home-grown demagogue understandable to the great American movie public—simplifying and broadening the original portrait considerably in the process, but making on the whole a competent and effective job of translating words into pictures. In his new effort, *The Brave Bulls*, from the novel by Tom Lea, he's tackled something more difficult: to make that same movie public understand and appreciate the ancient but alien sport, or art, of bull-fighting.

This picture was made on location in and around Mexico City; it's full of long, expertly photographed sequences of bull-fighters at work in the arena, surrounded by wildly excited Mexican fans. Certainly as far as the techniques of bull-fighting go, the need for style as well as skill, and the atmosphere in which the art is practised, Rossen has been very successful; *The Brave Bulls* is, indeed, almost too graphic. And yet *The Brave Bulls* fails where the Huey Long picture did to some extent at least succeed—in widening our comprehension of how other human beings think and feel. For one thing, Rossen fails to defeat our sense of pity; the average American's sympathy tends to be with the bull. In fact, the local theatre in which the picture appeared for one week was deluged with letters, telegrams, and phone calls protesting the cruelty to animals shown on the screen, and demanding that the movie be withdrawn. These complaints are the measure, not only of public imbecility, but of Rossen's inadequacy. Then again, according to those who have studied the subject, from Hemingway on down, there's a special mystical quality about bull-fighting—a significance that seems to combine the compulsions of big-league baseball and high mass. To convey that kind of human importance it is necessary to be a poet as well as an expert in semi-documentary movie technique, and Rossen is no poet.

It follows naturally that the character and motives of the bull-fighting hero are obscure and puzzling, too. But even through the dark glasses, Luis Bello, as played by Mel Ferrer, is a more than usually interesting movie hero. His story and his problem are twofold. As the story opens, he is fighting desperately against common or garden jitters; he's nervous about what can so easily happen to him in the bull-ring. He is also, if you follow me, nervous about being nervous, and everybody around him is nervous about his nervousness, too; against the roar of the crowd sounds the thin high whine of physical fear. This is his immediate, external problem; behind that lies the puzzle of his own personality, which he is afraid to try to solve. Here the obscurity of the movie deepens, since the childhood sequences of the novel have been cut to the bone for the screen; but we do gather that Bello thinks he has been created, not only as a bull-fighter, but as a personality, by the man who first discovered him and developed his talent—Fuentes, his manager, played by Anthony Quinn. Therefore when his manager and the girl he loves are both killed in an automobile crash, the bull-fighter feels he has all at once lost his right arm, and his soul. Pushed to the limit, he discovers, not too patly, either, that a man cannot live all his life in fear. It's an unusual theme and plot for a movie, and the emotional content of the picture has a complexity not usually seen on the screen. It is true that too many people talk too much in *The Brave Bulls*, but on the whole it is a performance that compels respect.

Wherever She Goes, on the other hand, is a modest little Anglo-Australian picture which not only compels respect, but inspires something very like affection; it's a production which nobody should miss. It opens conventionally enough, with Eileen Joyce, the famous Australian pianist, playing the Grieg Concerto with full orchestra. But after that one opening scene, the movie abruptly and gloriously departs from all the Hollywood rules and sets out to tell the story of Eileen Joyce's childhood in Tasmania and Western Australia. It tells that story simply, honestly, and above all, naturally; and with such feeling both in the direction and the acting for the luminous quality of a child's world that you may feel tears pricking at your eyes. No doubt some of the simplicity and artlessness of *Wherever She Goes* can be attributed to the fact that it was made on a very low budget, by a British director, Michael Gordon, who is so new at the game that he hasn't yet learned the slick tricks. The low budget perhaps also partly accounts for the unspoiled naturalness of Suzanne Parrett, the Sydney schoolgirl whom Gordon found to play young Eileen. Whatever the happy accidents that prevented this particular story being told in Hollywood terms were, the result is quite enchanting. In a sense, it is the story of a sensitive child anywhere, exploring and discovering the world. Because her bent was musical, this particular child responded most intensely to sound: we see her arrested by birdsong, delighted by a mouth-organ, amazed by her first gramophone, and for a long time utterly satisfied by being allowed to play scales and exercises, then a little early Mozart and Schumann, on an old cracked piano in a saloon.

The Joyces were poor; they knocked about Australia, living in shacks and tents; only the generosity of the miners made it possible for the child to have lessons at all. Perhaps it's the touch of Cinderella in the story that makes it so delightful—I'm not sure. But I am sure of this: if you'll see *Wherever She Goes*, and then compare it in your mind with the blown-up distorted Hollywood story of the child-prodigy or genius-in-the-making type—*A Song to Remember*, or *The Great Curuso*, for example, you'll understand that *Wherever She Goes* is really a minor miracle.

Music Review

Milton Wilson

► THE CHARACTERISTIC COMPOSER of the second half of the nineteenth century matured late, unlike such predecessors as Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin and even Beethoven, who were more inclined to produce early masterpieces. Whatever the average twentieth century composer may do, Bartok certainly belongs, like Verdi, Wagner and Tchaikovsky, among the slow maturers. Apart from the first two string quartets (1907 and 1917), all of Bartok's works which have achieved any wide reputation or frequency of performance were written later than his thirtieth birthday (1920), unless we include his publications in Hungarian folk-song.

I have reviewed a good many Bartok records in the past year or so, but two that I have passed over are the *Violin Sonata No. 1* (1921), which belongs to the start of Bartok's mature period, played by Yehudi Menuhin and Adolph Baller on a twelve-inch Victor LP, and the much later *Music For String Instruments, Percussion and Celesta* (1937), played by the Los Angeles Chamber Symphony under Harold Byrns on a ten-inch Capitol LP. The two works illustrate a somewhat rough and ready distinction I am inclined to make between Bartok in the twenties and in the thirties. Whereas his typical works of the twenties, like the *Violin Sonatas* and the *Fourth String Quartet*, are personal,

intense, lonely and, at times austere brutal, in the thirties they are relatively impersonal, extrovert and even showy, like the *Second Piano Concerto*, the *Music For String Instruments, Percussion and Celesta* and the *Violin Concerto*, which, although published in 1941, belongs to 1937-38. The music of the thirties had, no doubt, its part to play in the development that led to the richness of Bartok's last works, and I suspect that when I hear more of it (such as the *Fifth String Quartet*) I shall have to modify my opinion, but at the moment I find such works as the *Music For String Instruments* fascinating without being at all satisfying. Although I cannot help being impressed by the power of the first movement, the continual brilliance is in the end wearying, and even a little distasteful. The earlier *Violin Sonata No. 1*, despite an uncertain first movement, is much more suited to repeated hearings. The slow movement is among Bartok's greatest, and the fresh, inventive finale makes the superficially similar finale of the 1937 piece seem in comparison a lot of hubbub about nothing.

Both works are well performed and adequately recorded, but in the sonata (as in his recording of the *Violin Concerto*) I have some reservations about the suitability of Menuhin's silky and sweet tone to Bartok's music.

Correspondence

The Editor: The other evening over the radio, I heard a gentleman with a voice like someone cleaning out the grates, discussing our old favorite "Why Haven't We a Canadian Literature?" (or it may have been "What's Wrong With Canadian Literature?" The title sometimes varies.)

Now I think this question should be settled fairly soon, before everyone becomes a stuttering stammering introvert, and I can't help contributing my bit to such a non-combustible problem. I would like to state it in points.

1. The Canadian public, generally speaking, is not interested in Literature. It will read light magazines and comic books and anything else that doesn't require too much thought, the North American public reaching a standardization of mind much more readily than a standardization of military equipment. It is exposed to a certain amount of good writing in school but this is not supposed to be taken seriously. It has even been known to turn some people against literature.

2. If the public doesn't appreciate good English, neither do most Canadian authors know how to write it, nor are they, apparently, interested in it for its own sake. The great English poets and prose writers (like those of other nationalities) must love the sound of words and they must have loved what they wrote about and this gives their work a warmth and lyricism that most Canadian writing lacks. Environment must have a lot to do with this, of course. One can't help wondering what effect it will have on children, to bring them up in cities whose streets are named after the letters of the alphabet or by numbers. Convenience can be carried to the point of absurdity, after all.

3. Canadian writers lack humor. That is, spontaneous humor. Either they say to themselves "this has got to be funny" and the effect is something like wading through wet Saskatchewan gumbo in a pair of low rubbers, or they say "this has got to be a serious piece of work" and it's apt to turn out like a Royal Commission investigation on an optical combine. An English writer can even make a book like *Society and Commerce* entertaining and readable.

4. Canadian writing too often sounds affected and insincere. It is sometimes "arty" and very rarely original in

thought. It almost always lacks *beauty*. People who are interested in the social scene and What's Happening Today seem to have newspaper minds, perhaps because it is becoming the rule that you can say what you please here—providing you agree with everyone else. In Britain you can say what you please. This encourages thinking. Of course, if you're too original, no Canadian publisher will want to take a chance on you. The CBC seems to be the only organization mature enough for this sort of thing. So might the National Film Board if it got the encouragement and the money it deserves. That calls for a public educated to the arts, which brings us to the next point.

5. Canadians are uneducated in spite of the supposedly vast number who attend high school and university. You'll find very few of us poring over Greek scholars or Latin poets or reading history from sheer interest. And this is the kind of thing authors need to start out with. I heard of a young lady not so long ago who went to the States to take a degree in playwriting! I wonder if the school supplied the ideas to go with it or whether she took the degree first and started thinking afterwards. She may even get by, for all we know, without thinking at all. It has been done before. Nonetheless, it is not strictly our fault; we are not surrounded by the wealth of ages to stimulate thought and fire the imagination and dreams as are people in Europe and Asia. And then a nagging little phrase, trying gamely to push its way through this welter of words, finally wins through for long enough to make its point. "You've got to give the people what they want." And in this instance their wants are simple. In fact rustic.

6. This brings in the publishing situation in Canada which must be the most depressing in all the four corners of the world. In fact, it is so bad I won't talk about it. I won't talk about Canadian satire either; being only a shade more subtle than the American which likes to make sure *everyone* understands it, that outlook is none too cheerful.

This may not reflect your personal views on Our Perennial Problem and it probably hasn't relieved your feelings but I feel that I no longer need listen wearily to unambitious speakers and can, with abandon, ignore the hundreds of articles I'm likely to find in magazines within the next year.

Elizabeth Martin, Regina, Sask.

To Earle Birney, For Turvey

Plus ne suis ce que j'ay esté—
I was a soldier long ago,
Mon beau printemps et mon esté
Are buried now in ancient snow,
Have gone where springs and summers go.

I yet can count each weary mile
To Vimy from Villers-aux Bois,
And see the poppies dance and smile
In fields beyond Mont-Saint-Eloy.

O soldiers still are sweaty men
Though wars and words and weapons change,
And 'Turvey' makes me march again
With comrades new but never strange
Fantastic roads I love to range.

George Walton.

ANY BOOK may be ordered from *Canadian Forum Book Service* at the regular publisher's price, postfree if payment is received with the order, or at publisher's price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D.

Turning New Leaves

► FOR SOME TIME NOW, democratic socialist parties have rejected the idea of wholesale nationalization of industry. They are aware that private enterprise provides incentives and initiative for new undertakings. But, more important still, socialists are aware that private enterprise is a means of avoiding the centralization and rigidity which would accompany complete nationalization. The socialist, like every other democrat, is afraid of the power which would be concentrated in central hands if central authorities had to decide for every industry, what to produce, where, when, and how to produce it, when and to whom to sell. Even if the power could be democratically controlled, the central administrative burden would be crushing. For this reason socialist governments such as the British Labour government have made great efforts to decentralize the nationalized industries. For this reason, too, socialists are becoming more conciliatory towards private enterprise. Only the big monopolies still draw their fire. If private enterprise can be made to operate responsibly, and in a manner consistent with full employment and stability, then there is much to be said for preserving and strengthening it. The problem is to make it act responsibly.

Keynesian economics has provided one answer to this problem. The Keynesian policy is to use a few strategic controls—control over credit, control over the timing and amount of investment, controls through taxation and the national budget, and, at times like these when runaway inflation threatens, price and wage controls. Under these controls the private sector of the economy can be made to behave in a manner that will ensure full employment without inflation. Collective bargaining can take care of labor's specific needs. In these matters socialists, like everyone else, have become professed Keynesians. Perhaps the only difference is that socialists are determined to make Keynesian policy work.

But the businessman does not like controls, Keynesian or any other kind. He fights them in the press, on the radio, and at the polls. He persuades or buys governments to see that controls are removed or only half-heartedly applied. Something else may be needed to make private enterprise behave responsibly.

At this point we should examine the ideas of Mr. George Goyder, presented in a provocative new book*. The book has to do with the nature of the typical case of private enterprise, the limited company. The limited company was a creation of our legislators in the last century. In order to give investors some security in a day of large risks and great demand for capital, the legislatures created a legal person, the company, to which private persons could give their capital, receiving in return a stock certificate entitling them to elect directors and share in the profits. The shareholder has limited liability and cannot be sold up for the company's debts.

Now the limited company has no inherent responsibility to anyone but its shareholders. In the articles and charter of incorporation of a company there is usually a "general objects clause" declaring that the company's aims is to produce shoes or hats, and to make a profit for its shareholders. But shareholders alone cannot produce hats and shoes. Actual production is the result of a partnership between (1) labor and hired management, (2) shareholders contributing capital, (3) the community providing local

*THE FUTURE OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE: George Goyder; Copp Clark; pp. 179; \$2.25.

services and utilities for the factory, and (4) the consumer whose demand provides the ultimate goal and justification of production. Yet the law of limited companies does not recognize this vital four-fold partnership. The charter and articles of a company are generally silent on any responsibility of the company to workers, the community, and the consumer. In fact companies have very often acted irresponsibly. They have underpaid their workers and exposed them to risks of sickness, accident, and arbitrary dismissal. They have covered their community with smoke or littered its countryside with slag or plundered its resources. They have adulterated their products or charged the consumer outrageous prices. It has been necessary to prevent most of these abuses by laws imposing inspection and penalties. Yet businessmen often resent these interferences and dodge them when they can.

Mr. Goyder suggests a solution. First, the charters of companies should be redrawn so as to recognize the companies' responsibility to all four partners. The charter and articles should declare that the company's purpose is to produce goods of good quality at a fair price, pay good wages, improve the community, and earn a fair return on capital. Profits should be required to be distributed in a predetermined ratio between dividends, wage bonuses, community improvement projects, and reserves to strengthen the company and improve its service. Then if the company fails to live up to its charter it can be sued in the courts and convicted of acting *ultra vires*.

Secondly, workers should be granted voting rights in the annual meeting. Goyder suggests that votes be distributed as follows: two-fifths to shareholders, two-fifths to workers, and one-fifth to directors.

Thirdly, the shareholders who are at present the pampered partners should have their rights still further limited. Under present law their equity in the company's property is permanent. On the other hand, the worker, who invests his lifetime, has no equity and gets nothing back when it is over. Shareholders' rights, it is suggested, should terminate after fifty years. Share capital should be pensioned off just as workers are pensioned off, and shareholders, after fifty years, should no longer have voting rights.

The aim of this plan is to liberate private enterprise. Private enterprise now operates in an environment of externally imposed restraints. Company law requires the manager to earn profits for the shareholders. Other laws prevent him from doing so in ways which are harmful to society. The manager is paid to do one thing, and society stands in his way. The state has to keep an army of inspectors to check him. But the rules of the game could be changed so as to give the manager a clear agenda of social responsibility. Under a revised company charter, he would not be merely making profits for absentee shareholders, but would be paid to do the things society wants him to do. Internal restraints would take the place of external ones. The friction between the state and the company would be relieved and the need for interference would be lessened. Moreover, if workers had a voice in management, companies would be more amenable to the essential Keynesian controls. Thus strategic planning would be easier, while detailed interference would be unnecessary. Private enterprise would have won its freedom, at a price, and economic decision-making would be decentralized. This is the picture as Goyder sees it.

One can think of numerous objections to this scheme. For instance, would two-fifths of the votes give workers anything more than a token of control? And if they were given more, would not the scheme amount to guild socialism? How can one be sure that the "reformed" companies would co-operate with the government any more readily than present

companies do? Would the scheme not lead to weakness at the centre, the nemesis of a guild-socialist system? Who will bring suit against a company for acting *ultra vires*, and how will the courts handle such cases? How could the scheme be prevented from discouraging investment and initiative? How is the shareholder to be pensioned off? Is he to be paid the market value of his shares, or the price he originally paid for them? What is to be done about the company which calls in its shares and refinances, or the company which liquidates and then incorporates under a different name? Will its shareholders keep control for another fifty years? And so on.

Some of these questions could be answered easily, others not so easily. However, the principle behind the scheme is sound. The present-day company is a lop-sided institution, giving its shareholders limited liability and unlimited equity. Some means must be found to make companies responsible to workers, consumers, and the community.

I expect democratic socialists will stick to Keynesian policy and put it first in their program. If it is applied courageously neither unemployment nor serious inflation need be feared from private enterprise. Progressive taxation, social welfare policies, and collective bargaining can be relied on to establish fair shares. Inspection and legal penalties can protect the worker, the consumer, and the community. No further measures should be necessary. But if the resistance to Keynesian policy is severe, or if the irresponsibility of the corporation manifests itself in other ways, I expect socialists will become concerned with company law and will look into ways of reforming it. They should look for reforms which will preserve the decentralization of private enterprise but will make it socially responsible.

D. C. CORBETT.



BARRED OWL—LAURENCE HYDE
(Courtesy of Lacia Eng., Quebec City)

Books Reviewed

THE SECOND SCROLL: A. M. Klein; McClelland & Stewart (Knopf); pp. 198; \$3.25.

One hears very little nowadays about the respective claims and merits of the "native" as against the "cosmopolitan" tradition in Canadian writing. Perhaps this is because it has dawned on us at last that the tradition native to us is inescapably cosmopolitan and that, actually, our tradition is as much before us as it is behind us. We are beginning to make tradition now because it is only now that we have become aware of what it is that we must make. We have lately discovered that we are not just a mixed batch of transplanted Englishmen, Frenchmen, Scots, Jews and Slavs, but a uniquely structured people with multi-dimensional cultural possibilities. And we are learning that the tensions which articulate this unique Canadian structure are dynamic, positive, creative.

In the light of this new awareness we should be quite prepared to recognize in A. M. Klein's *The Second Scroll*, a necessary extension of our range of vision. Klein stakes out a claim for us in richer and further dimensions of experience than we have hitherto dared to occupy. But these dimensions are properly ours. We have only to inhabit our own domain in order to possess what we already have.

In his poetry Klein has come close to creating the archetypal Canadian pattern—a dense organic fusion of traditional idiom, ancient myth and cult, the contrapuntal dialectic of our French-English relationship, the sophisticated technical reach of man alive in this age and in whom all ages are alive.

The novel, Klein's first, is experimental in form, complex in theme. It is the story of a quest at once personal, communal and spiritual. The method is that of analogy and is therefore of a piece with the patterning of diverse and seemingly discontinuous facts of experience characteristic of Klein's best poetry. Obviously, Klein has been schooled by Joyce but, perhaps because of the clear, unequivocal religious affirmation of this novel, one is reminded not so much of Joyce as of Dante. The inferno of pogrom gives way in turn to purgatorial quest, to a realization of the Earthly Paradise of the new Jerusalem, even to a prospect of the universal and eternal.

In working out his analogical pattern Klein involves lyric, dramatic and epic modes. The narrator (presumably the author) is in search of Israel, in search of his fabulous Uncle Melech, in search of himself. The narrative account of the journey from Montreal to Israel by way of Rome is terse reportage illuminated and deepened by an original use of the footnote. Early in the book after an account of a European pogrom there is a footnote poem "Autobiographical" in which the eternal persecution of the Jew is personalized in the loneliness of the Jewish boy in Montreal—a loneliness which, however, is dignified by a pride of participation in the destiny of a people. The lyrical cry is matched and met in other footnotes by fragments of formal drama and brilliant exercises in symbolism and exegesis. Significantly, the chapters of the narrative are entitled Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy: the epic wandering and arrival of the ancient, sacred tribe is recapitulated in the odyssey of the modern Jew. Uncle Melech's desertion of the law for flirtation first with communists and then with the Church of Rome, his enslavement by the Nazis, his escape from the new "Egypt," his brief vision of the Promised Land—this is, simultaneously, an account of the plight and the hope of the Jewish intellec-

tual in our time, an exercise by Klein in self-analysis, and the unrolling of the second scroll, the repetition and the fulfilment of Mosaic quest and creed.

The book has faults. For one thing, it is over-compressed. While the analogical layers are held always in the grip of intellect, while the symbol is always lucid, proper emotive suggestiveness is sometimes lacking. And there is a defect of the opposite kind. Sometimes the purple passage rises with disconcerting abruptness out of the hardest cerebral rock. One might say that while the skeletal structure of the book is sound and strong the flesh is unevenly distributed.

But this a compelling book and one which gives Canadians some right to feel adult. The author's Canadianism is a nodal point in the treatment of his theme. In exploring the final dimension of his spiritual heritage Klein makes it ours. Talmud and Torah take their place in our pattern beside the book of Common Prayer, the Missal, the Institutes. We are enriched. And we acknowledge that the racial memories of our multi-dimensional culture are much too deep and broad to be filled by Cartier and Wolfe and the U.E. Loyalists. It is not the item but the pattern which is Canadian. As persons we live by various and separate spiritual inheritances and loyalties and we preserve our differences. But at another level, as Canadians, we take our life from the fruitful collision and interpretation of many inheritances. And thus we grow. *Malcolm Ross.*

SOVIET ATTITUDES TOWARD AUTHORITY: An Interdisciplinary Approach to Problems of Soviet Character: Margaret Mead; McGraw-Hill; pp. 148; \$5.50.

"What is the nature of the hold which the contemporary authority system in all its manifestations—Party doctrine, centralized organization, economic rewards and punishments, censorship, political police, and educational system—has on the population? What are the conditions under which this hold may be expected to get stronger, to remain the same, to get weaker?"

It is toward providing answers to these general questions (and to the host of subsidiary ones which they suggest) that Dr. Mead's latest book is directed. It is the product of co-operative research sponsored by the Rand Corporation and undertaken by an interdisciplinary group which included anthropologists, historians, literary analysts, and a psychiatric social worker. The team investigated six areas of Soviet life: the Party and its youth groups, leadership in agriculture, organizational problems in industry, education, contemporary literature, and the new folklore concerning Lenin and Stalin. The conclusions drawn from research and seminar discussions have been integrated by Dr. Mead, one of the two investigators who was not a specialist in Russian language and culture. As an anthropologist, she naturally emphasizes "the distinctively Russian version of humanity, the distinctively Russian aspect of the Revolution, and the distinctively Russian interpretation of Communism."

The materials for such a study were necessarily limited to the press, films, official reports and directives, and interviews with refugees, as field investigation was clearly impossible; and Dr. Mead frankly describes the result as a pilot project whose hypotheses will await elaboration and further verification. Yet if he will forgive occasionally cumbersome and technical language, the general reader should find in this brief study (less than a hundred pages are devoted to recording the results of the investigation) much of interest concerning the attitude of Soviet leaders to the led, and *vice versa*, and on the contrast between Bolshevik theory

and practice in Russia today. Dr. Mead's discussion of the continual fear of the Soviet leaders of the co-existence of opposites in the personality, and the possibility of loyalty being rapidly transformed into treachery, throws much light on, for example, spy-trials and confessions by former party leaders; while the political device of the Line, which is both absolute and changing, provokes some pregnant suggestions on the Soviet attitude toward compromise.

Robert A. Spencer.

THE SADNESS IN LEXINGTON AVENUE: Myron Brinig; Clarke, Irwin, pp. 342; \$4.25.

Myron Brinig who, according to the fly-leaf, has written a great many books, has a story to tell in this one. It is of the sowing of the wind of racial hatred between a Jewish and a German family in New York in 1914, and of the whirlwind that was reaped in 1940. Unfortunately, despite the number of books published by the author, he is not a good writer. The book badly needs pruning, and pages of the conversations come naturally under the *New Yorker* heading of "Things We Don't Believe Ever Were Said."

In 1914 Eric, son and heir of Schiller's Brewery, jilted the wealthy German fiancée chosen for him by his father. He further enraged his family by marrying Mary Goldman, daughter of a poor Jewish dentist living in a six-roomed apartment in the Bronx. Mary died, giving birth to a son, and Eric, enlisting in the American Army, died in Germany. The child was adopted by the German grandparents and raised as a virulent Nazi, drilling with a corps of Nazis at Belden in New Jersey. The corps attacked a Jewish picnic nearby and in the ensuing melee the boy Christian is injured and carried, unconscious, to the home of his Jewish grandparents, where he learns the truth of his ancestry. Then, as his father had done, he enlists in the American Army.

Victor Herbert appears in person and would shudder at the inanities he is made to utter to produce the 1914 atmosphere; to say that a woman looks like "a wasp without a sting" conveys no meaning at all, nor does it to say that Gittel "rushed from the room as if she had been ordered to deliver a baby." No dog of our acquaintance ever "rushed from the room in terror" because a man in conversation stretched out his fingers. It makes one wonder about publishers.

E. McN.

TURKISH CROSSROADS: Bernard Newman; Ryerson; pp. viii, 258; \$4.00.

Present day Turkey is a modern miracle. To anyone who knew the rotten old Ottoman Empire of thirty years ago, shattered and broken in the First World War, the transformation that has taken place in one generation is incredible. Yet, unbelievable as it may be, it is true. Turkey today is the outcome of a profound revolution from which she has emerged the most stable and progressive, as well as the strongest nation of the Middle East. More than that Turkey is the first country to proceed through totalitarian dictatorship to real working democracy. It is not without reason that the Western democracies are beginning to awaken to the realization that in all that troublesome region Turkey is their most natural and most reliable ally.

Of all this, Mr. Newman has much to say. An experienced traveller and observer, author of numerous books on travel and political affairs, his is a trained mind, knowing what to look for and how to report what he sees. This is a rambling, chatty book, product of a recent trip to Turkey, wherein you follow the author from one corner of the country to the other. In your peregrination you hear a lot about government, about social changes, land reforms, the changed status

of women, about the Turks' longstanding fear of Russia and their determination to withstand all Russian aggression, and about many other matters. Deftly you are made aware of a vital courageous people who, in the face of a dangerous world, are working incessantly and successfully to improve life for all in their land, to carry on the revolution begun by the great Kemal Ataturk a generation ago.

Here is a book aimed at the general reader, at the person who has no special knowledge of the subject. Thanks to the author's skill, and I should add, to the admirable illustrations, this aim has been very well achieved. This is an excellent introduction to modern Turkey. It cannot fail to arouse interest. And interest in Turkey is badly needed in this part of the world.

Richard M. Saunders.

THE NORTH AMERICAN BUFFALO: A Critical Study of the Species in Its Wild State: Frank Gilbert Roe; University of Toronto Press; pp. 957; \$12.00.

A unique book resulting from a colossal amount of documentation by an amateur historian. The imposing but unfortunate title suggests a scope of treatment not present, the author neither having observed the animal in a wild state, nor provided any original observations on living animals. The main object of the book appears to be that of discrediting all previous authors. "The present essay is one long criticism of futile generalizations, many of them by learned scholars" (author's own words, p. 188). Although many original sources of information are brought together, a great amount of the book is a rehash of Seton (cited over 100 times), Allen (cited over 150 times), and Hornaday, the latter being referred to over 250 times and rarely without repeated critical remarks. The main text constituting 679 pages (roughly one-fourth of which is devoted to footnotes, much being irrelevant) attempts through dialectic argument, repetition, confusion of facts with opinions, to reach only four main conclusions: (1) "... the buffalo have been shown to be erratic and unreliable to the last degree ..." p. 672. (2) "These movements [migrations] did not, as historical facts, invariably take place. Neither were they invariably along the same routes, nor even in the same 'strategic' directions." p. 673. (3) In the opinion of the author buffalo trails were not the origin of our early roads. (4) Indians have been highly over-rated as a factor in the extermination of buffalo.

Perhaps some of the main contributions of this book lie in the 34 appendices (116 pages) although some of the historical documentation in the text is of more than passing interest.

Randolph L. Peterson.

AS WE CAME BY: Judith Robinson; Dent; pp. 160; \$2.75.

In this little book Judith Robinson has brought together some of her newspaper articles of a trip to Britain and the Continent in 1950. She and her sister bumped over the twisting English roads in a little English car, then crossed the Channel and made their way through France, Holland, and Italy before returning to Britain. Her book is full of good writing for she has the novelist's eye for sharp detail and incident, the ability to compress factual information without distortion, and a genuine feeling for the drama that is lived out each day behind the mask of the most ordinary people. She has a fine ear too, for lively, idiomatic speech: "Rabbit? I don't mind a bit of rabbit if it's rabbit I'm getting and rabbit I'm paying for. But rabbit stewed up in chicken broth at three and six a time somebody else can have." The men and women she met up with in pubs and on street corners or at political meetings are not all concerned about the Weather, Royalty, or International Affairs; they

have their own unique and private difficulties too, and Miss Robinson captures much of this in warm, vigorous language without lighting Roman candles nor indulging in those facile generalizations about people that mar so many travel books.

I felt that her profiles of men such as Aneurin Bevan and John Strachey ("his consciousness of superior intelligence hardly shows until he smiles"), were too swiftly drawn but perhaps that is because her interests are in the hopes, confusions, and needs of much more common people; which might explain why the best piece of work in the book is a wonderful little essay on "Bread."

"Italian bread is made with flour from the U.S.A.; fine and white and Marshall-aided. Like Marshall Aid it tends to be doughy inside. Swiss bread is a sound, salable product, eminently hygienic in taste; not the sort of loaf a person would take bicycle riding. But the bread of France, like the flavor of France, is of the country. It is itself. It is one with its environment. It shares the life it sustains and the hell with hygiene. It is the best bread in the world and the most companionable."

Judith Robinson has given us a gay and entertaining book. Her sharp eye has missed nothing, from the arrogance of big Nye Bevan orating in Tefarnabach Hall in Ebbw Vale to the diffident street sweeper of Florence tidying up the ruins of history for the pilgrim; and, ah yes, the Coca-Cola sign, blinking, higher than the saints in their niches, above Milan Cathedral. And for flavor, "With a Hey Ho and a Lily Gay" it is all brought together into an admirable pattern with snatches of songs from the "Reliques" of Thomas Percy, late Lord Bishop of Dromore. Samuel Roddan.

BRIDE OF THE SABBATH: Samuel Ornitz; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 410; \$4.50.

This is ostensibly a novel about New York's East Side at the turn of the century when pogrom-ridden Jewish immigrants were feverishly establishing themselves in the Golden Land—and trying to cope with the problems of a dynamic new environment. But it really isn't a novel, although it tells a story. Mr. Ornitz wanted to preserve the rich, colorful—and often dreadful—life of the Jewish East Side in that period, and he has done that (although Michael Gold did it, too, some 20 years ago). He wanted to get his feeling on anti-semitism off his chest and the Gentiles who read this book will have a better idea of how it feels to be on the receiving end of prejudice. He wanted to deal with the problem of assimilation facing every minority group, especially an unpopular one, and has done that too. And other such odds and ends like folk lore, theology (Judaic and Christian), psychology, and whatnot.

But there is a plot and that's what makes it a novel and not a bad one at that. It revolves around the childhood, youth, and early manhood of Saal Cramer, his family, and friends: his parents who die of "Jewish Asthma," his orthodox grandparents, his freethinker uncle, his Christian friends, the prostitute who is the subject of a sociological study, and all the others who form part of his environment and character-molding. The people in the book are well-drawn; Mr. Ornitz knows them all very well. The latter part of the book is much more the novel and less the chronicle of days past. Mr. Ornitz is more preoccupied with Saal Cramer and his personal life, although even in his love life (a very intriguing one) Saal seems too obviously puppeted about by his creator.

There are to my mind two irritating features. One is the persistent use of Jewish and Hebrew terms with translations

in parenthesis. Mr. Ornitz might just as well have appended a glossary. But was it really necessary? The other is a tendency to editorialize, proof of lack of craftsmanship. But having said that, I think readers could do worse than choose *Bride of the Sabbath*. A. Andras.

THE ROMANTIC AGONY: Mario Praz, translated by Angus Davidson; Oxford; pp. xx, 502; \$6.50.

The new edition of *The Romantic Agony* has sixty pages of additions and a few corrections, but basically hasn't changed much since the translation first appeared in 1933. It is still a fascinating reference book on sadism (theological, aesthetic, sexual, etc.) in the nineteenth century, illustrated from a wide variety of authors and literatures. Nobody, I think, would want to read it straight through (after about fifty pages the effect is monotonous rather than fascinating), but as a reference book to be dipped into now and then it is invaluable.

The virtue of the book, then, is mainly the accumulation of a mass of related material on an important side of nineteenth century art. As a commentary on that material it is far less successful. Mr. Praz seems to be trying to produce more than a source book of sexual mythology, but on the whole, he has little of value to say on the place of sadism as just one element in the art of the period (after all, a book on "Romantic Humanitarianism" or even "Romantic Respectability" could be well documented, too) or on romanticism in general, although he does devote his opening chapter to the subject. Even more important, his few remarks on sadism other than romantic are not enough to distinguish between its appearance in Restoration England or Mediaeval France and the seemingly parallel appearance in the nineteenth century. How does romantic interest in algolagnia or incest or violated virgins differ from an equally strong interest among the Jacobean dramatists? Mr. Praz supplies us with a lot of material for defining romantic sensibility but is weak on generalizations himself. Certainly his suggestion that seventeenth century morbidity is a matter of wit and nineteenth century a matter of feeling doesn't go very far.

Other, similar criticisms are possible. The word "sadism" is used in a number of senses, not always clearly defined. It doesn't help much to lump Blake and Swinburne together as sadists, even if the one did influence the other. (Theologically the *Book of Job* is more sadistic than *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, and the influence of the Bible on Swinburne is transparent.) Moreover, the presentation of evil and suffering is involved to some degree in almost all (if not all) literature. When does it become sadism? Is it a matter of degree? Or must we, as Praz seems to, fall back on that nebulous signpost "the author's intention"? Or should we not, as I personally suspect, conclude that sadism in Mr. Praz's wide sense is a part of all literature? A few minor cavils: Rimbaud seems to have been avoided, and Verlaine is not well assimilated in a chapter mainly dealing with "the chaste man besieged with lecherous fantasies;" and, if there should be another edition with addenda, please, Mr. Praz, don't forget G.B.S., who belongs just as much to the "decadent" nineties as Wilde and Beardsley.

One striking emphasis in the additions is, of all things, on Babbitt's *Rousseau and Romanticism*, which is referred to in seven places, and which, apparently, Mr. Praz hadn't seen before the original publication. In one place, after having summarized Babbitt's definition of romanticism, he calls it "convincing enough." The shock of recognition! But the horrible (and ludicrous) thought occurs: is the alternative to *this Romantic Agony* the Inner Check?

Milton Wilson.

WORLD TENSION, THE PSYCHOPATHOLOGY OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS: edited by George W. Kisker; George J. McLeod; pp. 324; \$6.75.

The ambitiousness of the enterprise presented by this book, and the magnitude of the confusion it represents are nicely proportioned one to the other. Twenty-seven leading psychiatrists and five leading psychologists have set themselves to the study of a phenomenon for which their tools (taken alone) are inadequate, and the result is, as is to be expected, confusion worse counfounded.

The argument is an old one. Since psychiatrists treat those systems we call "individuals," and since in the course of so doing they are brought to the study of "human relationships," and since war is a human relationship, they are competent to make recommendations for its elimination. (In fact, some of the authors go as far as to suggest that the selection of leaders be subject to psychiatric certification or veto.)

The argument is hardly worth pursuing further, since the book pretty well speaks for itself. If thinking in these terms can produce this kind of discussion, perhaps we had better make a fresh start. On a simple *ipse dixit*, for instance, Dr. Ernest Jones, a world-leader in psychoanalysis, tells us that the causes of minor conflicts cannot be different from those of major conflicts—a statement for which I believe we have no evidence, and much to give us pause. In the next paragraph he is able to jump from the relatively warranted generalizations of LeBon about crowds to some generalizations about groups, which are distinguished from crowds precisely by the absence of mob-like behavior—milling, aimlessness, hyper-suggestibility, etc.

It is not merely that the contributors partly contradict one another, but that they, not infrequently, contradict themselves. Kisker's own concluding chapter brings together a fair sample of these contradictions. What is most serious, however, from the viewpoint of this reviewer is the dismissal without serious consideration or understanding (or at least the relegation to the category of "superficial" or "less basic" or "less fundamental") of all the careful work of all those social scientists who have tried to meet the problem of war as a social institution at its own level. Such bias as to the ultimately "fundamental" character of one's own discipline in its bearing on so complex a matter as war expresses a lack of objectivity which hardly tempts one to commit the fate of the world into the hands of its authors.

That psychiatry has a task to perform in the achievement of peace no one can doubt. That it has a special, unique, "basic" contribution no one can reasonably conclude, at least from the argument as it stands. *John R. Seeley.*

WEDLOCK'S THE DEVIL: Margaret Bullard; British Book Service; pp. 271; \$2.50.

As a new Canadian, I started to read this book with the liveliest expectation of fun to come. The *New Statesman and Nation* had reviewed it favorably, it was a satire about Toronto by an Englishwoman, one understood of intelligence and culture. Perhaps this was going to be the book one would wish one had written, which said wittily and elegantly everything one had wanted to say for two years. With a conspiratorial snigger I opened the book, Toronto was for it—for the higher cattiness, the light pat that claws off flesh.

What a beautiful target Toronto is—so bland, so broad, so obvious. Mrs. Bullard lived in Toronto for two years, and at the end of that period has contrived nothing more relevant to Toronto than a sprinkling of familiar Sinclair Lewis types, a little coy topography, and a few amazing discoveries

hitherto unsuspected by Canadians, such as that Canadian children are often noisy. It does not take much in the way of observation to see that the streets of Toronto are often dirty—the *Star* knows that—and that is about the level of the *aperçu* in this book. It is full of statements that few would disagree with, made with an air of great daring. Mrs. Bullard is fond of complimenting herself on observing and recording what, if she only knew it, every educated person in Toronto has known all about for years.

One was, I think, entitled to hope, from a visiting Englishwoman, for something rather better than a dull and half-educated superciliousness, motivated by what is certainly a vulgar, and what looks at times, uncommonly like a personal spite. Even so, if it had resulted in something genuinely witty and biting, much might have been forgiven, but, alas, this satire has false teeth, and as such is slightly pathetic. *Sara Vos.*

GAIL BORDEN—DAIRYMAN TO A NATION: Joe B. Frantz; Burns & MacEachern (University of Oklahoma Press); pp. 310; 18 plates; \$6.75.

The title is misleading. One pictures a long eulogy of the contributions which the founder of the Borden Company made to the dairy industry, but he actually does not begin to prepare condensed milk until page 220, and since he dies on page 275, the dairying part of the book is small. That does not mean it is not excellent. It is a good thing for us all to know that condensed milk was invented somewhere between 1851 and 1853; to obtain an excellent technical description of the process of milk condensation, and some idea of Gail Borden's success in laying the foundations of the marvellous modern system of sanitary production and distribution of milk.

The rest of the book is definitely one of the rather expensive curiosities of literature. In what other single volume is it possible to obtain a first class description of the post-Revolutionary migration inland from the seaboard; a detailed and authentic picture of life in upper "York State" in those days; a technically correct account of navigation on the Ohio-Mississippi River route in a Kentucky flatboat; a fascinating story of the original English-speaking colonization of part of the Mexican state of Coahuila y Tejas, the growing discontent with Mexican rule, and the final revolution which created the Republic of Texas? This



ARCTIC HARE—LAURENCE HYDE
(Courtesy of Lacia Engr., Quebec City)

part of the book will be invaluable to students of that period of the process of "imperialist" conquest of the North American continent by the English- and French-speaking North Americans after they had been freed from the restraining influence of their mother countries. The story then moves on, around the picturesque figure of Gail Borden himself, through the early struggles of the Republic.

Borden was an eccentric genius. He invented a revolving dining table top; a "terraqueous" machine—a combination of wagon and sailboat, which capsized on its first test; a meat biscuit which won a gold medal at the Great Exhibition of 1851 in London, but tasted abominably; and delved into a dozen other by-ways of experimentation—such as curing yellow fever by putting the patients in a refrigerator. He was enough of an instinctive scientist to realize, when he came to deal with milk, that the important thing was to protect it from infection carried in the air.

Pioneer, land surveyor, collector of customs who lost his job because he insisted on taking fiat currency at a higher value than the Government desired to concede—Gail Borden was a picturesque product of an ebullient period of North American history. He sprang from the same family as the late Sir Robert of that name, and Lizzie Borden of axe murder fame, and his origins are traced back by his biographer to the Norman Conquest of England. One of his ancestors joined Jack Cade's rebellion. Another, in New Jersey, assisted in rescuing one of Captain Kidd's crew from court, and in kidnapping the Governor of New Jersey, the Judge in the case, the Attorney-General, and the court officers.

Professor Frantz has evidently thrown himself heart and soul into his task, and has produced a book which, despite its unpromising title, makes an amusing and interesting contribution to the history of his native State, and of the United States. The final statement in the publisher's blurb is that Mr. Frantz recently completed work towards the Ph.D. degree from Harvard University. It seems inevitable that it will be awarded.

P. C. Armstrong.

POEMS IN PROCESS: Phyllis Bartlett; Oxford; pp. 240; \$4.25.

Amy Lowell addressed some wry words to "A Gentleman Who Wanted to See the First Drafts of My Poems in the Interests of Psychological Research into the Workings of the Creative Mind," and to skip about in literary history, as Miss Bartlett does in the present work, the Elizabethan poet Chapman also evidently objected to those who were "so blinde of soule" that they must see the poet in "his working weeds." Many romantic writers and readers have agreed with them. Nevertheless, there are many more who have not regarded their working methods as sacrosanct, and they have provided plenty of material for such studies as this one. Not all such work is done with the scholarly care and regard for her subjects which Miss Bartlett evinces. She does not intrude upon her august company of poets but allows their own records to speak.

Poems In Process is a related series of studies on the working methods of representative poets writing in English from the time of Milton until the present. It is concerned with their ways of composition and revision as revealed in manuscripts, letters, diaries, and in the work sheets and early drafts cherished by libraries which are the source of the investigation. The search is wide rather than intensive.

Methods of composition are the chief consideration, and the act of composing is regarded by the author as falling into three parts, i.e., the original inspiration or motive, the act of composition, the polishing and revising. Mystical and psychological explanations of inspiration are beyond its

boundaries, and although one chapter is devoted to "dreams and visions" it is limited to the claims that poets themselves have made about such sources. Blake, the most famous example of the vision-poet cited here, claimed that his ideas were "Given in their minutely Appropriate Words." Miss Bartlett reproduces two pieces of evidence to the contrary. The first, a statement by Blake concerning his difficulty in deciding on the best metre for the long poems whose "Authors" were in eternity; the second, the famous "Tyger" poem, which is reproduced as it appears in the notebook showing numerous word deletions and changes of choice in the order of lines. Miss Bartlett comments with scholarly caution that "the relationship of Blake the poet to Blake the visionary is baffling and an examination of the notebooks is not likely to yield a final answer."

Poe is one of the poets considered who felt that the reader might like a peek behind the scenes. He wrote the "Philosophy of Composition" in which he explained the backstage preparations for "The Raven." Part of this essay is quoted, and this the writer accepts as a "complete rationale of how a poet may have gone about writing a poem."

In some final words on the "mosaic" method of organizing poems, it is interesting to read, after all the tortured criticism we are exposed to on the work of T. S. Eliot, that the five parts of *The Hollow Men* were originally four separate poems, which were finally combined with a concluding section. Also, that "the first three poems of *Ash Wednesday* originally appeared separately in periodicals and in different order."

Inasmuch as the work of one poet may appear in different sections of this book because of the variety of his methods, the poets are not considered chronologically. Her classification is related to method, and hence a certain lack of order. To offset this there are complete bibliographical notes and a clear index.

Hilda Kirkwood.

HORIZONTAL WORLD: Thomas Saunders; Ryerson; pp. 41; \$2.25.

It is difficult to understand the enthusiasm, reported on the jacket of this volume, of the late E. K. Brown or of Nathaniel Micklem of Oxford for Thomas Saunders' work. "Horizontal World" indeed seems an apt title in a way which the author never intended, for the verses proceed on a dead level with never a peak of sudden poetic insight nor even a small hill of unusual observation.

Mr. Saunders, a Winnipeg minister, does however avoid the old pitfall of sentimentality. His poems have a certain plain straightforwardness, a straight-from-the-shoulder quality which is a virtue. He reports accurately on the prairie folk who make up the subject matter of most of his poems, presenting them with some realism and with no attempt to gloss over or romanticize their often meagre lives. On the other hand, they are all conventionally familiar "types" and the writer does not get beneath the surface enough to show them to us as living individuals.

The unvaried use of the regular blank verse metre in so much of the work tends to become wearisome, and Mr. Saunders comes nearest to being a poet in some of the few stanzas which are in different form. "The Circle" and "Snow Fence" in free verse do create something of the atmosphere of the vast, windy plains and "Winter Burial," still in iambic pentameter but rhymed, carries an emotional impact.

Anne Marriott.

THE MAN ON THE PIER: Julia Strachey; Longmans, Green (John Lehmann); pp. 205; \$2.50.

"Everything in my life is well ordered and serene," says the hero at the beginning of this love story. At the end

everything is disordered and rumbled, for the hero has not reckoned on the demands of sex, has fallen in love with his best friend's wife. This situation is, as the author kindly points out, Beauty and the Beast turned around; here, Beauty turns a nice young schoolmaster into a Beast filled with carefully described, loathsome, bestial desires.

Miss Strachey, when she gets going about bestial desire, can be fairly disturbing and she is determined to catch a certain inconsequential atmosphere where, as in that mysterious thing called Real Life, things don't seem to matter but also do seem to matter. Her characters, spending a few weeks at an English country house, take walks, converse at the breakfast table, look at kittens in the centre of a wood-pile, discuss "how she had it on the stairs" and simply have to leave rooms because they can't stand it any more. Plot and meaning just brush all this activity. Even the title does not seem to mean anything.

My guess is that the man on the pier ("He turned out to be a mammoth sort of walrus, with bloodshot eyes and uncomfortably mottled skin") is our hero again, transformed by an ugly attack of sexual desire. So you can see that this novel presents some sort of original vision: sex turns you into a walrus. That's not been said before.

James Reaney.

THEATRE IN THE ROUND: Margo Jones; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 244; \$3.50.

Nobody is more qualified to discuss the theory and practice of central-staging than Margo Jones. Since 1947 her professional company has operated successfully in Dallas, Texas, presenting a great variety of plays in this style, some classical, most of them new (she introduced Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke*). Her little book, *Theatre in the Round*, tells the story of this Dallas organization and discusses in detail the financial and technical problems Miss Jones had to solve. It contains an annotated list of the plays she has staged, some notes on the production problems of each, and an outline of her plans for the future. And a few (not enough) diagrams and photographs have been included for good measure. Obviously, this is an exceedingly valuable book for theatre people. It has the merit of being neatly organized and briskly written, as a handbook should be, and based as it is on Miss Jones' great experience, it is most instructive. But it is rather more than another "how-to-do-it" manual for something of Margo Jones' lively imagination and enthusiasm is in it too, simply but forcefully communicated. In her there is a most remarkable combination of the pioneer's vision and the hard common sense of the disciplined craftsman. Canadian producers and directors, baffled by the problem of our theatre shortage, could learn a great deal from Miss Jones' story. Given talented actors and evidence of an eager audience, she found a way to bring them together in a theatre. With imagination, courage, brains and furious energy she proved that theatre-in-the-round could be a means of establishing living theatre where she wanted it, and of keeping it there, an exciting, creative and solvent enterprise.

Vincent Tovell.

A DRAGON APPARENT: Norman Lewis; Clarke, Irwin (Jonathan Cape); pp. 317; \$3.25.

A Dragon Apparent is an Indo-Chinese travel diary as interesting as it is timely. Lewis, a young English novelist, spent most of 1950 in a comprehensive tour of Indo-China that took him into almost every section of this remarkable territory. Most of the best travel books of recent years have been written by British novelists—Waugh, Greene, Isherwood, Orwell—and Lewis has earned a place in this brilliant company with his first work in the medium. His fine descriptive powers are used to portray sympathetically the various

racings of Indo-China and the minor French officials who administer the affairs of this huge slice of South-East Asia. Less sympathetically he deals with the "big people"—the mercenary planters and the top French administrators who do their bidding—and he concludes that the white man's day is just about ended in Indo-China. The clear and logical analysis made by Lewis is particularly valuable today to those Canadians who wish to know more than *Time* and the U.S. news services choose to tell us about a region that may be the scene of the next U.N. police action.

L. Rogers.

LIE DOWN IN DARKNESS: William Styron; McClelland and Stewart (Bobbs-Merrill); pp. 400; \$4.00.

Lie Down in Darkness tells a story which has been told many times before: the tale of the decadent and decaying Southern Family—not of the deep south, this time, but of the Virginia Coast. The story centres around the beautiful and highly-sexed Peyton Loftis, who is loved far too well by her weak, alcoholic, but none-the-less likeable father, and hated by her crazed and crazily jealous mother. It is not a pleasant story, but it is a gripping one. The writing has overtones both of Faulkner and of Thomas Wolfe; considered purely on its own merits it stands up well by comparison with much modern American fiction; considered as a first novel, which it is, it seemed to this reviewer to be only slightly short of stupendous.

A. S.

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SHAKESPEARE SURVEY 3: edited by Allardye Nicoll; Macmillan; pp. 167; \$2.75.

The third annual volume in the series *Shakespeare Survey* (of which this is a somewhat belated review) follows in the pattern of its predecessors by being a mixture of reports on Shakespearean activities (for 1949) and more general articles on Shakespearean topics. I suspect that the bibliographies, photographs and sketches will be useful to professionals and amateurs alike. The rest of the volume, except for some very interesting conjectures on the structure of the Elizabethan stage by C. Walter Hodges and a warning against trying to schematize *Measure for Measure* by Clifford Leech, is only moderately interesting. *M.W.*

ALFRED THE KING: Patry Williams; British Book Service (Faber); pp. 336; \$3.25.

Alfred the King proves that historical fiction, British style, can be both scholarly and entertaining, in spite of the bad state this art form has been reduced to by the U.S. book clubs. Williams undoubtedly took somewhat longer than six weeks to produce this study of Alfred the Great and ninth-century Britain—and it seems very unlikely that he employed a team of researchers to pre-digest the era for him. Williams' use of a vocabulary that is as close to Early English as is practical makes the reader, at times, feel that he has stumbled into a page from G. A. Henty—but this lone fault is offset by numerous virtues and *Alfred the King*, in sum, is a superior work of its kind. *L. Rogers.*

THE UNFULFILLED: W. G. Hardy; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 334; \$3.50.

This absorbing novel tells the story of Canada during the years 1941-51 as reflected in the life of an author and his

family living in Toronto. Dr. Hardy is concerned with Canada and Canadians, and if the average Canadian man were more like Gregory Rolph, Dr. Hardy's hero, and the average Canadian woman less like Mrs. Rolph, it would be all to the good. Rolph, who defines himself as a liberal, is too vital a man to be satisfied with a detached viewpoint, but he half apologetically says he knows of no cure-all for the mess the world is in save perhaps in moderation. He certainly is sweetly reasonable with his virtuous, passionless Ontario Gothic wife whose one appeal seems to be that she had a face like a flower when he was courting her.

Ellen Rogers.

Our Contributors

W. L. SMITH is professor of Church History at Trinity College. A study of the church and state problems has been one of his special interests for many years . . . JOHN A. MacEWEN, of Halifax, N.S., has been with the CBC since 1948 as an announcer. He previously taught at the Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P.E.I. and worked in private radio. "Four Sisters," in this issue, is his first published story . . . MICHAEL SHENSTONE is spending a year in Paris as a student . . . MRS. GRIMSHAW worked for five years in the Economics and Research Branch of the Department of Labour, Ottawa . . . D. M. FISHER is with the library of Queen's University . . . S. F. WISE is on the staff of the Royal Military College of Canada.

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